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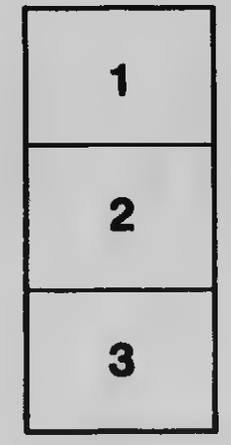

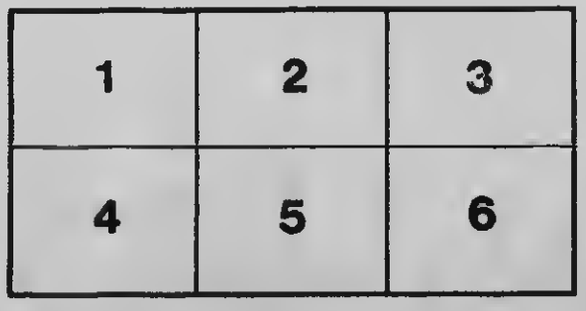

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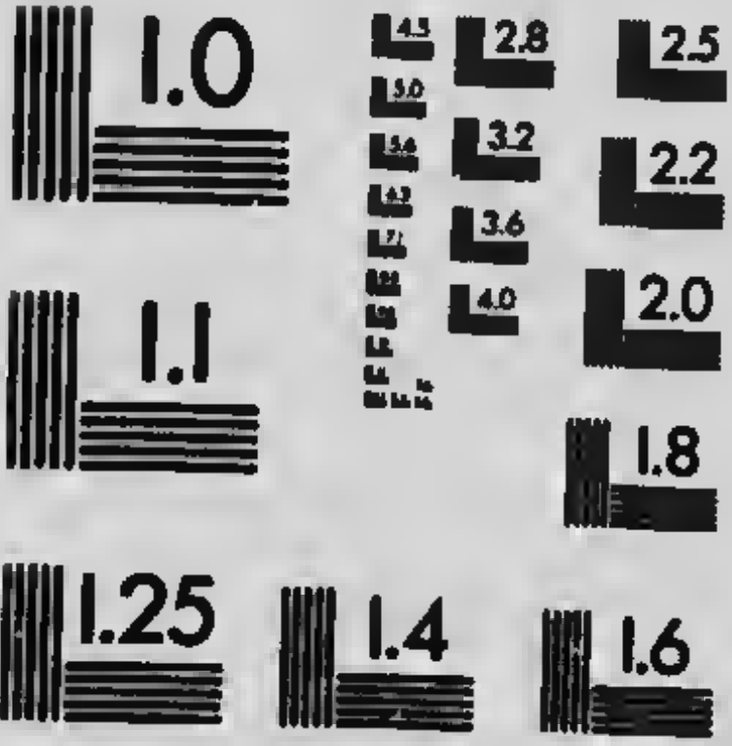

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"	21,	"	25,	"	*magnus*,	read *magnum*.
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WORKS BY G. M. FAIRCHILD JR.

CANADIAN LEAVES — New York, 1887.

ORITANI SOUVENIR — New York, 1888.

NOTES ON TWO MANUSCRIPTS — New York, 1887.

A WINTER CARNIVAL — Quebec, 1894.

ROD AND CANOE; RIFLE AND SNOWSHOE — Quebec, 1896.

A RIDICULOUS COURTING — STORIES OF FRENCH CANADA — Chicago, 1900.

PRINCE OTTO — Quebec, 1898

QUEBEC, THE SPORTSMAN'S LAND OF PLENTY — Quebec, 1899.

FROM MY QUEBEC SCRAP-BOOK — Quebec, 1907.

GLEANING FROM QUEBEC — Quebec, 1908.

WHERE TO GO — HOW TO GO — AND WHAT TO SEE IN QUEBEC — Quebec, 1908.

PRESS NOTICES OF Mr. FAIRCHILD'S WORKS

Montreal Gazette.—Mr. G. M. Fairchild, Jr., the well known writer, has collected a number of his contributions to the press of U. S. and Canada into an illustrated volume. It is in some respects the most instructive and entertaining of his hooks.

Quebec Daily Telegraph.—Variety is spicy and Mr. Fairchild's new work exemplifies the saying for tbe menu that the author offers his readers is as wide in range as only tbe limitations of a portly volume makes—It is valuahle as contributing to our knowledge of many things within the life of tbe city of Quebec and the Province.

Quebec Chronicle.—Whenever Mr. Fairchild writes his subject matter and its treatment is sufficiently good to make it worthy of a setting.

Le Soleil, Quebec.—Wben Faucher de St-Maurice wrote from New York 30 years ago and said : Mr. Fairchild is a distinguished representative of Canada, he voiced the opinion of both tbe French and English Canadians of his native province, Quebec.

Canadian Home Journal.—G. M. Fairchild, Jr., has been called the Isaak Walton of Canada. He possesses all the quaint and delicate humor of the Fatber of Angling. His hooks and sketches are read by people of refinement all over tbe United States and Canada.

Canadian Magazine.—G. M. Fairchild, Jr., of Quebec, will shortly publish a volume of short stories. This gentleman has long been known to the world of Canadian letters, having written a volume on sport in Quebec and a number of other hooks. One of his stories appeared in the August number of this puhlication.

Field and Stream.—Several of Mr. Fairchild's excellent stories have appeared in *Field and Stream*, and he will contrihute another to the May number.

BREAKING FLAX.

GLEANINGS FROM QUEBEC

By

G. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.

Author of

Rod and Canoe, A Ridiculous Courting, A Winter Carnival,
Prince Otto, From My Quebec Scrap Book, etc.

ILLUSTRATED

QUEBEC
PUBLISHED BY FRANK CARREL
1908

PREFATORY NOTE

Two editions of FROM MY QUEBEC SCRAP BOOK *were subscribed for in 1907 ond printed. A third wos called for, but o disostrous fire in the printing establishment of the publisher made this an impossibility It was then that my publisher mode the suggestion thot I should gather together materiol enough for a volume somewhot upon the lines of that of 1907 to be issued the Tercentenory year of 1908, ond he ventured to think it would meet with success. At all events he wos willing to risk it if I would undertake the work. I finolly consented but somewhot doubtful of the issue of the venture. He now informs me thot he wos fully justified in his conclusions, and that the present volume hos been very largely subscribed for, ond a consideroble s- guaranteed by the book-dealers.*

The book is o medley of trifles and con be taken in small doses. Something of its success is perhaps attributoble to this feature.

To

Sir James McPherson Le Moine

The Historian of Old Quebec

and

The Chronicler of New Quebec

Whose works have been a source of inspiration to other writers and of interest to the general reader, this book is cordially inscribed by the author

G. M. Fairchild, Jr.

Quebec, May, 1908

CONTENTS

HANDICRAFTS IN QUEBEC

IN old Quebec and vicinity it has not been necessary to establish Guilds or Societies for the revival and encouragement of handicrafts. Since the coming of the first French settlers, over two hundred and fifty years ago, handicrafts have continued to flourish down to the present day, as part of the economy of the life of the people. It is only within the past four or five years that the large commercial side of hand products has intruded itself upon the workers in Quebec, who have always followed their calling in the old time spirit of good workmanship, and original design. Many of our clever craftsmen are the sons and grandsons of men who followed the same craft and they have the pride of this ancestral calling. Quebec is conservative and slow to change. In the Norman French blood there is an antipathy to innovations, and the momentary fads that so afflict our neighbors across the border have no place in the simple life of the great masses of the French-Canadian population. It is true he no longer wears the *etoffe du pays* as his father did, but this is not entirely his fault, but his misfortune, the supply would no longer go 'round, since

sheep growing became unprofitable. The beef moccasin, however, is yet very much in evidence, and I still continue to see the *bonnet rouge*, or *bleu*, in country parts, and also the *sabots* at stable doors. Not infrequently a pair of black eyes peep at me as, I pass, from under the broad-brimmed straw hat that has been plaited and made by the wearer. Almost every household in our country districts has its straw plaiter and hat maker, and the surplus product finds a corner in the *bonne-femme's* market cart on Saturdays in early summer days when she jogs into town to take her place in the long row at the open market where she disposes of her stock in trade. What a curious stock it oft' times is of handicraft from the self contained household of the good woman. If we do not want a straw hat, perhaps we are looking for some *catalogne* (home-made rag carpet) and she unrolls a few yards of it for our inspection. It is gorgeous of color, almost Indian in its barbaric colors of cross stripes, but with a beauty of its own that we are now not slow to recognize for decorative purposes, such as portieres, window hangings and lounge coverings, or for floor rugs. The loom on which it is made has had honored place in the old stone house for at least two centuries. It is a hand-made affair of roughly hewn wood and the shuttle is thrown by hand, while a foot lever alternates the warp thread. The work of the loom always pertains to the women. The cutting of the rags and the sewing of the strips together, is the labor of the children, in the long winter evenings. But materials other

than catalogne is woven on these hand looms. There is a coarse linen, intended for dresses and aprons for the women and children and clothing for the men and boys. Every farmer grows some flax, and the swingeling of, or the soaking and beating of it into fibrous matter fit for the spinning wheel, is, in some parishes, made the occasion for a day or two of general outdoor jollification beside some brook where the flat stalks have been soaking, and where there are some large flat rocks on which to beat the stalks. Large fires are made and when evening draws on the husbands and swains appear and much merriment follows. The spinning wheel used for the flax varies somewhat from that used for the wool. The home-made bed and table linen will outwear any other fabric in the world, but I must decline to recommend the bed-linen for use among my friends, unless they wish to mortify the flesh. The *dot* of a daughter of the house is largely made up of these home products and accumulated for years. Upon the hand looms and from the wool yarns spun on the old spinning wheel flannels and cloths of a superior texture are woven. The flannels are sometimes dyed in delicate tints with vegetable dyes, and cut into lengths for curtains, table covers and bed-spreads. These are then fringed and tufted designs worked through them in contrasting yarns with the tufting hook. In several of the convents in Quebec, the nuns produce considerable quantities of these various fabrics, and in addition, laces, embroideries and fringes, that are extremely beautiful and find ready sale. The con-

vents most noted for their handicrafts are the Good Shepherds, Sacred Heart and the General Hospital.

Among the men in the country, a great many industries in handicraft are carried on during the winter months after they have finished cutting and hauling the firewood for the following year's consumption. In their workshops considerable ingenuity is often shown by the farmers in the manufacture of various articles, from our native woods, such as the splint baskets from the white ash, that are commonly sold in the Quebec market places, the wooden horses carved from the spruce or boolo, that the small boys so dearly love, chairs made from birch and rush or thong bottomed. Many of the men are excellent cabinet makers, and their corner cupboards and four-poster bedsteads are in considerable vogue. I know several very clever craftsmen in the parish of Ancienne Lorette whose cabinet work would do credit to Herter. The workers in iron are not so numerous as formerly. The cheaper machine cast iron products have affected the wrought iron workers, yet there are men to-day whom I know, if given the job, could turn out as clever a wrought iron gate as did their ancestors. The *forgeron* continues to ply his vocation, but much of the work he does is in the nature of small job-repairing, and he sighs when he recalls the old days.

When we come into the city of Quebec and pursue our researches, we find in the suburbs and in the St. Roch and St. Sauveur districts, numbers of individual handicraftsmen carrying on their work in small shops

in the rear of their dwelling lot or in a front room of the house. Some of them brass and metal workers, here and there a silversmith. I know one family that has followed the latter trade for three generations, and always in the same little shop. They have turned out very delightful examples of candlesticks, porringers, tea-sets and other product of their craft, "but," said the pleasant proprietor to me, "we have melted down more beautiful things than we ever created."

"And how was that?" I enquired.

"Oh!" he replied, "long ago solid silver was more common than now, and when people got hard up, they brought their silver-ware to us to pound up and smelt into bullion. Bah! it used to make my old father groan to see some beautiful piece go into the crucible. He said it gave him a heart wrench."

The cabinet makers are, many of them, clever copyists, and it would puzzle an expert to decide upon one of their Chippendale's or a Louis the XIV chair. Some of these men do some exceedingly original and clever work in ceiling and wall wood work. One of the very best of this class of craftsmen can neither read nor write, but somehow works out his complicated parts by a sort of rule of thumb.

Wood sculpture ought almost to be classed among the arts, as it has been followed by such men as Jobin and a few others. When we cut down the big pine on the hillside overlooking the village of Cap Rouge and overlooking the church, the good *curé* of the Parish said, "why not get Jobin to carve us a statue

of the Saered Heart, out of the butt log of this tree, and we will ereet it on the stump, and it will be a joy to the villagers and an ornament to the Parish." Aeeordingly Jobin was eommissioned for a life-sized statue of Christ with the Saered Heart. It is one of the most dignified statues I have ever seen, and admired by every artist who has visited tbe parish.

The hand-work book-binders of Quebee enjoy international reputation for their beautiful designs and hand tooling. Work, fine work, eomes to them from all quarters. Their little shops in some of the baek-streets sometimes eontain prieeless books. that have been entrusted to them to re-bind in their beautiful ereations. The Lemieux's and the Lafranees are among the foremost of this guild. At every exhibition of bookbindings, they have earried away the medal for exeellenee.

The Freneh-Canadian is naturally a handy man, and handieraft is his by birth and temperament, and his environment in Quebee fits into his life work.

In our sister eity of Montreal a guild has been formed for the eneouragement and development of handicraft. It has a Dominion eharter, and its work eovers all the Provinees. It has held exbihitions and has a shop at 586 St. Catherine St., Montreal, for the sale of sueh wares. It has been, and is, a deeided sueeess.

THE ROMANCE OF A POWDER HORN

HE metal powder flask and the percussion eap were ushered into use about the same time, and with their eoming the old powder horn rapidly disappeared and is rarely to be found now unless in the possession of some enthusiastic collector or in some unrummaged garret for forgotten things. I confess a weakness for old garret explo-ation, and when the good wife of the house has no objection I make haste to profit by the occasion, for I love the hour spent amid the cobwebs and dust and the dis.ards of the house for a century or more. I draw the veil of silence over the antiquated crinolines and bustles certain to be discovered, for with such things we men have no concern though history does record one instanec where a well known prinee escaped his pursuers by taking refuge beneath the ample foids of a young lady's crinoline while its owner discoursed sweet strains on the spinnet until the pursuers had departed from the house.

In my garret researches I have diseovered many curious things, aneient family portraits, valuable family portraits, rare old prints, ugly but priceless china, Elziveers, delightful old cabinets, flint lock

pistols, bell m h blunderbusses and sometimes a powder horn. All powder horns are interesting to me, but when I find one that carries engraved upon it some expression of its original owner, probably maker, I feel that I have not lived in vain. Some of these old horns show all the signs of loving care and rare skill in their adornment. Beside the winter camp fire or the family fireside their owners with knife and finely pointed chisel, displayed his learning or artistic accomplishment in his carving. If the owner was of a religious turn of mind some appropriate verse from scripture is applied, then follows his name in bold lettering, and his place of residence. The chrome yellow horns were the most in vogue by the skilful engraver, for once his carving was made and some wet powder rubbed into it, the engraving stood out in bold relief. Slung over one shoulder, his leather bullet and wad pouch over the other, the long flint lock rifle carried at attention for game, a jaunty squirrel skin cap perched upon his head, our pioneer of the chase or of Indian warfare presented a most picturesque, not to say formidable appearance.

The powder horn of the superior officer or gentleman in these early days of frontier life, when every man went armed with rifle, was often a most elaborately engraved affair and with brass or silver mountings. I have in my collection one of the very finest specimens of these horns with a most interesting history attached to it. Wandering one day through one of our little Canadian villages I came to an unusually

THE SPINNER.

neat little cottage, just inside the door of which a very elderly woman in kerchief and white cap sat spinning wool yarn at an old fashioned spinning wheel. I stopped to address her some words of greeting, and to express my pleasure that old time customs were not yet altogether abandoned in our province of Quebec. She was a cheery old body, and after some further talk she invited me into the house. Like many such houses throughout our rural districts, its simplicity was as striking as was its extreme cleanliness. There was the usual highly polished three decker iron stove standing in a wall partition between the large living room and the tiny parlor. Aside from the stove the living room contained a quaintly diamond paned corner sideboard or closet that contained the entire family crockery and glass. A deal table, scoured to whiteness, stood against the wall, and a half dozen of home-made chairs, the bottoms laced with caribou thongs, were distributed about. One was a rocker, no doubt for the use of the old lady. On the walls hung some religious prints, an old gun and some broken harness. I was asked into the parlor which was carpeted in home-made *catalogne*, more gorgeous prints upon the walls interspersed with family photographs in cheap frames and several mortuary wreaths in panelled recesses of deceased relatives. The old lady brought forth some choke-cherry cordial of her own manufacture, and we drank each other's good health in several bumpers.

Then came the real business.

"Have you a garret?"

"Certain M'sieu, but it is only for old rubbish."

"Well, Madame, I am a gleaner of old rubbish; would you mind my going into the garret?"

"Not at all M'sieu, but you will find it all cobwebs and not much else."

"I will see," said I, as I took a candle and climbed the ladder.

It certainly seemed a most unpromising collection of oddments, but in poking my candle about I saw hanging to a beam a powder horn, and a hasty examination showed it to be a rare beauty. I descended with it at once.

"Madame," said I, "What do you know of this horn, and where did you get it?"

"Ah!" she replied, "it is a long story of war and bloodshed, and it is not fit to repeat now that we are all friends and no longer kill each other."

"I agree with you madame, but I who also gather strange stories am all curiosity to hear yours about this horn."

Thus urged, the old dame settled herself into the little rocker and gently swaying herself she told me the following story:

"A long time ago, *bon dieu!* a very long time ago, for I was then a little girl of ten, and I am now eighty-two, I was sent to live with my grandfather near Montreal. He was then an old, old man, but he had seen much of life in his youth for he was then wild and adventurous with fighting blood in his veins. On the wall of his log house hung this powder horn.

Some times I would take it down to look at the pretty pictures on it, but whenever I would ask him anything about it he would say, 'bah! little girls should not ask foolish questions,' then he would light his pipe and go out of the house."

"One day two English officers came. I remember them well for they were in their uniforms of red and gold, and they searched the house, as they said for a run-away soldier, but my grandfather only laughed at them and told them to keep looking and go further. They cursed him for a Canadian and finally departed, but not before one of them had tried to possess himself of this horn, and my grandfather and he had words about it that are not pleasant to repeat."

"That night my grandfather took the horn from the wall to put it away, as he said, but before doing so he took me upon his knee to tell me its story which I was all curiosity to hear. As nearly as I can remember, it was like this, I use my grandfather's words :"

"'My father, *ma petite*, was a brave French soldier and came to Quebec with his regiment. He took his discharge, and then took a wife and came to settle on this farm. The old fighting blood, however, was strong upon him, and whenever a party was made up to go down into the English settlements my father was pretty sure to be among them. When I grew old enough he promised me he would take me, and I was all anxiety to kill some of those hateful English of whom I had heard so much. Before I was eighteen I had learned as much, as an Indian, and I could

shoot straight and true. One day Vachon came to our cabin to say that a party of our people and some Indians were to start on an expeditin and he asked my father to join it. All right, said my father, and I'll take Jacques with me.' "

" 'We had Indians with us, and for days we travelled by canoe, and through the bush until we came to a settlement near Deerfield. Somehow our coming became known to our enemies and one morning we were surprised by them, and the fight was on. My father told me to keep close to him, but it soon became a running fight and we got separated. I loaded and fired as a chance offered, but kept retreating from tree to rock or hill. ..e as it happened. I saw my father pursued by an officer and bayonetted to death. I took a rest and a steady aim and shot his slayer dead. He was a handsome man of not more than 25. I rushed up to him to give him the finishing knife but he was quite dead. I had only time to cut the cord of his powder horn and carry it away with me when we were again under full retreat. We got back to Montreal but we had lost half our party and there was much sorrowing in many of our families. I have avenged my father's death, but sometimes I think of that handsome young officer when I look at the horn.' "

" And," said the old dame, as she concluded her story, " when I came away the grandfather gave me the horn and said : 'Some day Amelie you may come across some one belonging to this Englishman, for you will come to live among them as you grow older.' "

Mais M'sieu I have never found anyone and so I put it in the garret."

"Madame," said I, "let me purchase it, and I will write and publish its history, and who knows but someone may claim it."

"We are poor," replied the old lady, "and perhaps you may find the Englishman's friends."

And so I became possessed of this beautiful horn. It is unique as the engraved map of the country is carried as far as Lake Ontario—New York City of that period, about 1745, is fully shown—then there is the English coat of arms, a British soldier in full uniform, a ship under sail, the Hudson River, Lake St. Sacrement (Lake George), Lake Champlain—all the towns and block houses. The bottom is of brass with crest and coat of arms and the monogram of the owner. Who was he ?

ON THE RIVER JACQUES CARTIER

ON the roll of Fame the Jacques Cartier River occupies an honored place for its glories of salmon and trout, and for its wild picturesqueness from its mouth to the beautiful lake that is its source. It is so recorded in the many books by men illustrious in the world of letters and great among the angling fraternity. Angling has been the recreation of the literary man since the days of Isaac Walton, and perforce he must tell his yarn to the world of his exploits with rod and reel. Thus it has come to pass that his doings on this river are on many pages. First among the craft to record his love of the Jacques Cartier was one Fredk. Tolfrey, an officer in His Majesty's service who landed in Quebec in 1816 and within a week, under the guidance of a well-known Major, he set out for the angler's paradise in those days, Dery's Bridge, now now called Pont Rouge. Some portions of his adventures are worth recording here, since the two volumes in which the first appeared are now among the rarities of Canadiana. In the first place it is dedicated to his friends and companions of the long ago on the Jacques Cartier River, or the Chateau

RIVER JACQUES CARTIER

Richer marshes. Its title is "The Sportsman In Canada." It was written and published 30 years after the occurrences recorded, no doubt from a journal kept at the time. It is replete with Quebec local doings of the period and the picture of the life of the day in the old metropolis is fascinating, but it is when he describes his adventures on river or marsh that he is at his best :

"There is a solemn grandeur, a sublimity in Canadian and North American scenery not to be met with in any other quarter of the globe ; and of all the spots I have ever seen in the world, the Jacques Cartier River is beyond compare the most enchanting."

Our author having thus expressed his opinion of the scenic charm of the river, goes on with an account of his own and his companions, adventures after the salmon :

"We followed the Major (Browne) down the stream through brake and briar until we reached a fine broad sheet of still water where our leader called a halt. 'Get out your flies, boys ! Here's the hospital (pool) and good luck to us.' Cautiously and tremblingly did I make my first essay. That'll do it ! that's a fine cast! by the Powers, that's well thrown for a youngster ! ' and twenty similar commendations were bestowed on my endeavors."

"At last—never shall I forget that moment—in a sweeping eddy, almost under a rock, I had a splendid rise — hooked my fish, and away he went at railroad speed. We had a regular battle for it, but I had an old hand at my elbow to check my impa-

tierce, and owing to his masterly directions I succeeded in killing my fish which he landed for me. It weighed nearly ten pounds, and, as may be imagined I was not a little elated at my success." Major Browne. Capt. Griffiths and Mr. Hamilton also got their fish, the capture of which is graphically described.

The day's work over, they all betake themselves to the widow's where a well-served dinner was partaken of. Later in the evening the young French people of the neighborhood gather in and the Major taking his fiddle out of its case planted himself on a table in the kitchen and struck up " Huist the Cat," and the ball was on. Our author adds " If the ladies danced with more agility than grace there was no lack of good humor ; perfect decorum and good order were observed and I retired to rest not a little pleased with my first day's sport on the Jacques Cartier."

After Tolfrey, came Dr. Henry who embarked with his regiment for Quebec, in June, 1827. This regiment the 66th had been stationed on the Island of St. Helena as a guard over Napoleon and remained there until his death. Dr. Henry was in frequent attendance upon the dethroned and then dying ex-Emperor. The Dr. was a man of considerable parts in his profession, and a writer of no mean ability. His book, " Trifles from My Portfolio," was published in Quebec in 1839 by William Neilson, his angling companion of many an adventure on the Jacques Cartier where the latter then made his summer home, at Valcartier, and was noted as one of the keenest

anglers in Quebec. Mr. Neilson lived to an extreme old age, but even to the last and when almost blind, his greatest delight was to be taken upon the river for a cast into the rapids for a big trout. He was a son of the Hon. John Neilson and when the latter withdrew his name as publisher of the Quebec Gazette he transferred it to his son William. It was under his tutelage that I became an angler and an ardent lover of our Canadian rivers.

The second volume of Dr. Henry's book is almost given over to an account of the stirring scenes of that period in Lower Canada preceding the rebellion and to various sporting adventures. This work is now among the rarcties. We are the proud possessor of Wm. Neilson's own copy with his autograph in it. And now for some brief extracts from the accounts of Dr. Henry's first visit to the Jacques Cartier in the year 1829.

" A good deal of rain having fallen lately we judged the time favorable for a trip to Dery's Bridge, a celebrated fishing ground on the Jacques Cartier River. Accordingly, early on a beautiful morning, the 5th of August, my friend and I set off from Quebec for that pretty spot ; distant nine leagues up the left bank of the St. Lawrence. The River takes its name from the great French navigator who once wintered at its mouth.

Dery's Bridge is six miles from the St. Lawrence and the Jacques Cartier continues a most rapid stream all the way. The Canadians have given odd names to different holes, or *remoux* formed by the

eddies of this powerful stream. Immediately under tbe brink of Dery's garden is a reeess room deep in the roeky bank and generally shaded by the "*Troux Noir.*" This is elose to the bridge from whenee the fish in it may be distinetly seen—a little lower down is the *Gaand Rets*—and at the lower end is a famous fishing pool, ealled *l'Hôpital.* For half a mile below this the fishing is good, the best being immediately above a sloping rock running quite aeross, where the water makes a ehute, or rather runs violently down a long inelined plane, at an angle of about 20 degrees.

After a good morning's sport we killed three more fish and two or three large trout. Before retiring we solaced ourselves witb a eigar or two, seated on the bridge whieh, from the eonstant eurrent of air, ereated by the rapid river, furnished a good position, and eommanding a good view up and down this romantic ravine."

It is eleven years later when our gallant Dr., this time with a wife and young son, returns to his old haunt, but time had wrought its change and while the fishing was good he misses some of the Arcadian simplieity of the long ago, and many old friends were no more.

We should perbaps have mentioned Colonel Landmann as having preeeded Dr. Henry. The Colonel eame to Quebee about 1799 as a youthful subaltern of Engineers. His introductions were good and he is soon set going in the fashionable world of Quebee society, but he is too ambitious professionally and too good a sportsman to devote mueh time to frivol-

ous amusements. He made frequent excursions about Quebec for strategic points, and examined the old French works at the crossing of the Jacques Cartier, and took a cast for a salmon at the same time. The two volumes of Adventures and Recollections of Col. Landmann were published in 1854, but the period referred to in them was that of his several years sojourn in Quebec, about the date already mentioned viz : 1799. These two volumes are almost as fascinating reading as those of Tolfrey for pictures of the life and manners of the inhabitants of Quebec of the period. Many of Landmann's adventures are quite thrilling while his anecdotes are never stale, and oftimes very amusing.

In 1840, the Rev. Dr. Wm. A. Adamson, a prominent Church of England clergyman, came to Quebec as chaplain to Lord Sydenham, Governor-General of Canada. His Reverence was a keen angler and a voluminous writer. He made frequent excursions to the Jacques Cartier both to Pont Rouge for the salmon, or to Valcartier to visit Wm. Neilson and with the latter to fish for the big trout that in those days haunted the upper rapids of the river. The Dr. has been described to us as a most accomplished angler and a most delightful companion. His book, "Salmon Fishing in Canada," which was edited by Col. Sir J. E. Alexander, and published in London, in 1860, proves the Dr. a keen observer, a capital raconteur and an excellent descriptive writer of adventure by field and flood.

Contemporary with Dr. Adamson came Chas.

Lanman from the United States, a man famed as a traveller in unknown wilds, a sportsman par excellence, and a brilliant writer. In the "Adventures of an Angler in Canada" he gives us a delightfully graphic picture of his experiences on the Jacques Cartier. This work was published in London, in 1848. Again and again he returns to Canada and Quebec for sport, and in 1854 and 1856 other volumes are published.

Richard Nettle, at one time a school teacher in Quebec, an angler always, and a writer sometimes, was a frequent visitor to the Jacques Cartier, whose favorite lurking places for salmon and trout were almost as well known to him as were those of his dearly beloved stream the St. Charles where he successfully angled for salmon for years. He was appointed Superintendent of Fisheries for Lower Canada, and in 1857 his "Salmon Fisheries of the St. Lawrence and Tributaries" was published. He was the first man in Canada to advocate the artificial propagation of salmon.

Among the delightful writers on angling and wood life is Chas. Hallock, the one time owner and editor of "Forest and Stream." He is now 77 years of age, but still active with pen and rod. It must be almost fifty years ago since this veteran made his first bow to the Jacques Cartier and revelled in its wild beauty while keenly enjoying the sport it offered. In his "Fishing Tourist" he gives his readers a vivid picture of his impressions and experiences. Many a time has he returned to these delightful scenes of youth

A CANADIAN SALMON.

again and again to tell the world of his unchanged devotion. Only this past summer, on a long afternoon, a half dozen of the old time friends of Hallock on lake and river gathered at Spencer Grange at the invitation of Sir James LeMoine to meet the veteran editor, who was making a farewell visit, so he said, and to say good-bye to some old haunts and to a few dear friends. We were all deeply touched at his feeling allusions to the loves he said he would carry with him to the grave. In the "Salmon Angler" Hallock gives us the experience of half a century on the rivers from Ungava Bay to the glacial rivers of Alaska.

As the sun declined and the shadows deepened on the lawn at the Grange, we all became reminiscent of days on the Jacques Cartier, our favorite river. From out of the storehouse of memories that far out dated any of us present except John S. Budden, Esq., (the Ancient and Honorable) Sir James LeMoine gave us of his wealth of recollections of men, events and occurrences on lower and upper reaches of the river. In many of his Maple Leaf series of books, in "Chasse et Pêche," has he given us tales of the river. Among those present, who has also written voluminously of angling, and whose *magnus opus*, "The Land of the Ouananiche" is one of the monumental works on angling in Quebec province, we refer to E. T. D. Chambers, who also had interesting stories of days and camps on the river among the islands and rough waters, and great mountains above Bayards. Commodore Gregory also told us of many

other strange stories angling of on the Jacques Cartier and other far away rivers and lakes. In that little volume "En Racontant" the Commodore has embodied some of his experiences around the world. Our octogenarian friend, J. S. Budden, was known sixty years ago as the greatest snowshoe runner after caribou. In Notman's celebrated series of photos, "The Moose Hunters," "The Caribou Hunters," which were published 35 years ago, Budden was one of the principal characters. He has besides fished almost every river in the province, while his camp has been pitched many a time on the banks of the Jacques Cartier and we have been his guest, and in turn he has played the part in many of our magazine articles as the "Ancient and Honorable," of many yarns. In our recent work "From My Quebec Scrap Book" the "Ancient and Honorable" plays a conspicuous part among the three of us who camped, tramped, fished, painted and wrote while camped on one of the most beautiful reaches of the Jacques Cartier, where the rapids reach down to the groups of islands and the pastoral country begins.

John Burroughs, the naturalist, poet and philosopher, and one of the most entertaining of writers, has told his story of the river and its fishing and of the many curious things he saw with those highly trained eyes of his. It is curious how blind the majority of people are and how surprised they seem when some one points out an interesting thing directly under their noses but which they have never before seen although it has always been there. Henry

Thoreau was another of these keenly minute observers who preceded Burroughs in journeying to the Jacques Cartier on his "Trip to Canada." We had the particulars long years ago from Wm. Neilson, whose guest Thoreau was at Valcartier. Robt. Roosevelt, who wrote "The Game Fishes of the North," Wm. H. Herbert (Frank Forester) the greatest of all writers on American game and sport both enjoyed the hospitality of the river at various times. John Lesperance, the Canadian novelist, laid some of the scenes of one of his stirring romances on the banks of the river at Valcartier, and Sir Gilbert Parker often carries us thither in some stirring tale. Artists have come to paint it for a hundred years or more and the names of Peachey, Tolfrey, Bartlett, Wilkinson, Van Horne, Krieghoff, Wickenden, Harrison, Hance and others may often be found upon a Jacques Cartier River landscape.

It still holds the record for the largest brook trout, but alas! their numbers are sadly diminished. Salmon continue to run into the river, but a close Montreal corporation and Doctor Ievers of Quebec, control the fishing.

The river is one of the main highways into the Laurentide Park, the great game preserve of the province, and under a wise system of protection it is no longer unusual to catch sight of a magnificent moose or a fine antlered caribou as one paddles up the stream.

For us the Jacques Cartier will always possess the unrivalled charm of its great beauty and for its forty years of association with our camp fires.

THE ROMANCE OF A PUNCH LADDLE

OULD you like to see a curious punch ladle?" said Mrs. J. R. Thompson, the wife of the manager of the Montreal Bank in the Upper Town, Quebec.

"Madam," I replied, "I dote on old punch ladles or anything else that is interesting and has a history."

And hence this story of as beautiful a creation of an English goldsmith of a century ago as I have ever set eyes on, and of as curious a history as punch ladle ever had.

It is of heavy gold plate, with the exception of the bottom, which is solid gold. The stem, which is about thirteen inches long, represents the stock of a Scotch thistle and the handle is formed to represent thistles. The outside of the bowl is a circle of thistles in high relief. The bottom is made from the great gold medal of the old Beaver Club and continues to bear upon both sides the engravings, mottoes and inscriptions of that organization. It also bears the name of its original possessor. Alexander McDougall, partner in the Northwest Company of Fur Traders. Two dates are shown on the medal, 1785 the year of the founding of the Club, and 1780, this must have

THE NORTHWEST COMPANY'S MEDAL.

been the year that McDougall in some way had particularly distinguished himself as an explorer and which entitled him to this medal of the Northwest Company. It is a fitting memento of its original owner and of the halycon days of the club that made all Canada ring with its conviviality and all too generous hospitality during its existence. The greater deeds of its members in the hardships, privations and sufferings endured by them in the explorations and exploitings of the great Northwest, as emblazoned on many a page of journals kept and published later in England, gave to the club and the Company an international fame. Some of its members were among the greatest explorers on this continent and one and all had led a life of adventure and danger in the pursuit of their calling of fur traders among the wild tribes of Indians, which at that time roved the great plains of the West or the forests of the Columbia River or the Aretic regions. The Club members were largely of Highland Scotch extraction, with some French Canadians among them, and most of them had been at some period connected with the Hudson Bay Company. They were stalwart of frame, hardy of body, self-reliant and capable. If in the off months on their return to Montreal, from the stress and strain of an arduous life of exposure and danger in their journeyings across the continent by canoe or pony, and among hostile Indians, they gave themselves up to a period of roystering it was only the swing back of the pendulum, and their toughened constitutions readily threw off the effects of their dissipations.

The Beaver Club was formed in 1785, one year after the organization of the Northwest Company. It closed its doors only in 1824 after the absorption of the Company by its late rivals the Hudson Bay Company in 1821.

Alexander McDougall who became a partner in the Northwest Co., and a member of the Beaver Club, retired to live out his days in Brantford with his daughters. The punch ladle did full duty for years, and I have no doubt that many a camp-fire story was rehearsed with old comrades, while the generous punch was ladled out, and old club nights were often recalled before its owner passed over into the ranks of the silent majority.

This punch ladle was bequeathed by Mr. McDougall's eldest daughter to Dr. W. R. Bown, of Brantford and from him it descended to his neice, Mrs. J. R. Thompson.

The Beaver Club was composed of partners and Traders of the Northwest Company. It commenced with a membership of 19, which was finally increased to 55 ordinary and 10 honorary members. Its rules were as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and woe to the member who infringed any of them. The dinners were held semi-monthly from December until April. No member in Montreal might be absent from these dinners, nor dared he have a party in his house nor accept invitations on club days. There were five compulsory club toasts, after which any member was privileged to retire. Those possessing the club medal were compelled to wear it at all club

functions under penalty. These medals were granted for bravery or meritorious services to the Company, or as explorers.

The medal is gold with a raised edge. On the obverse is engraved a beaver gnawing a tree, above which is inscribed Industry and Perseverance, and the encircling inscription is Beaver Club. Instituted Montreal, 1785. The reverse shows a canoe with four paddlers descending a chute, above the canoe the words Fortitude in Distress, The encircling inscription is Alexander McDougall, 1780.

Col. Landmann in his "Adventures and Recollections," thus describes his social *début* in Montreal in December, 1797 on his way to Quebec to join the Engineers there, to which corps he belonged. He had just arrived from Halifax and brought letters of introduction from the Duke of Kent, who at that time was stationed there and living with the beautiful Madame de St. Laurent. Landmann having presented his letters was immediately launched into a world of festivities in which the hard drinking of the period played conspicuous part. He very frankly tells the story. The Beaver Club was then in the zenith of its glory, and its members, composed exclusively of the *bourgeois* (partners) of the North-West Company, lived in semi-royal state and held high carnival in their princely homes and gave club dinners that were Gargantuan feasts and feats of eating and drinking. These dinners were at 4 p.m., and lasted as long as a single man was able to sit his chair. This was the rule, and as most of the members were old

Scotchmen with copper plated stomachs, gigantic, physiques and hard headed to withstand the constant passing of the decanters and bottles, they usually outsat thir guests and prolonged the festivities until well into the next day. As each man fell off his chair and under the table the servants dragged him out and carried him out of danger of the broken glass, and there he slept off his deep potations, and the revelry went on. Let the gallant Landmann now tell his own story :

" After many days of feasting and hard drinking, I was engaged as also Humphrey and Lacy to dine with Sir Alxeander MacKenzie and McGillivray. The party was composed of our hosts living together and partners in the North-West Company, Mr. McTavish and Mr. Frobisher also of the North-West Company. Mr. Shaw, Mr Roderick MacKenzie, Judge Ogden, Judge Walker and his brother Tom ,Mr. Maitland, partner of Andjo, Isaac Todd, Dr. Gould and many other merchants : of the army were Colonels Hughes, McIntosh of the 2nd Battalion of the 60th regiment, and Major O'Brien of the 24th regiment."

" In those days we dined at four o'clock and after taking a satisfactory quantity of wine, perhaps a bottle each, the married men. Sir John Johnson, McTavish, Frobisher, O'Brien, Judge Ogden, Tom Walker and some others retired, leaving about a dozen others to drink to their health. We now began in right earnest and true Highland style, and by four o'clock in the morning the whole of us had arrived at such a degree of perfection, that we could all give

the warwhoop as well as MacKenzie and McGillivray. We could all sing admirably, we could all drink,like fishes, and we all thought we could dance on the table without disturbing a single decanter, glass or plate with which it was profusely covered : but on making the experiment we discovered that it was a complete delusion, and ultimately we broke all the plate, glasses, bottles, etc., and the table also, and worse than all the heads and hands of the party received many severe contusions, cuts and scratches."

Landmann and Lacy start by sleigh for Quebec the following day, accompanied as far as Pointe-aux-Tremble by their late hosts, apparently none the worse for their heavy potations of the night before, but our author adds : " We had both suffered so much through this heavy debauch, that it was not until the fourth day that we arrived at Quebec, 31st December, 1797. I was afterwards informed that one hundred and twenty bottles of wine had been consumed at our convivial meeting, but I should think a great deal had been spilt and wasted."

If the members of the Beaver Club let themselves loose at memorable semi-monthly dinners, it must not be forgotten that many of them dropped out of this convivial life to fight the wilderness for long periods and to face privation, starvation and the hardships that fell to the fur traders in the far-away West of that period.

About 1816 one Fred. Tolfrey (who in 1845 published his " Sportsman in Canada ") paid a visit to Montreal and also becomes a guest of the Beaver

Club. With a wise forethought for his "head in the morning" and at an early stage of the orgy, he drops under the table, is dragged away to a safe place, and from this point of vantage he observes all that follows throughout the prolonged feast. In the main it is a repetition of what Landmann described other than that the drinking contest got down to two, and one in pushing over the bottle to his vis-a-vis fell off his chair, and the other in reaching for it, lost his balance and joined the majority under the table.

In 1821 the Hudson Bay Company absorbed the North-West Company and the Beaver Club was disbanded in 1824.

Its medals of gold, and so proudly worn by some of its members, have been dispersed and many of them permanently lost. A few are still preserved by descendants of the original possessors, and here and there a piece of silver-ware with the club's motto engraved upon it is owned by some collector of such things, but they are extremely rare.

ON THE ROAD.

FROM OUT OF A BLIZZARD

TO give the artist an experience of "high life" in the bush in mid-winter, and to enable him to paint it red hot with a temperature at 40 minus, the "Ancient and Honorable," the Colonel and the Scribe formally invited him to an "At Home" at a jobber's lumber camp, some forty miles in the wilderness. And the "At Home" was to endure for one week if the provisions held out.

The artist, an American cousin to all of them and of a highly adventurous turn of mind, in answer to their R.S.V.P., said: "Certainly, depend upon me. Do I take my outfit in a *cruche* (demijohn) or in a fur-lined sleeping bag? I am not very familiar as yet with your customs in such affairs."

"He's a true artist," said the "Ancient" as they read the reply, "and he's *artful* as well. Answer, O Scribe! and say that my "Scotch baby" will keep him warm by night and day. Tell him to bring nothing but *sheets* of canvas and paint galore."

And so it came to pass that a great blizzard which unexpectedly arrived, blew them out of Quebec, and drove them Northward into the mountains. It was

bitterly cold, the roads grew drifted and the snow driven hy a sixty mile gale, stung their faces until they froze. The day waned and they were at last glad to take refuge for the night in a settler's house and yet many miles from their destination. It was all in the game, however, and they played the cards.

"There's not a flower on all the hills ;
The frost is on the pane—"

sang the "Ancient and Honorable", and they pulled him, a snow drifted mummy like object, out of his furs.

"And," continued he, "I've never enjoyed a drive so much in all my life."

The artist when he emerged from his snow laden garments, simply remarked "that art was long suffering, hut so long as they stuck hy him, and did not stick too long in snow-drifts, he was of them."

The Scribe, who had been deputed the cook of the outing, because of the glorious *hash* he made of most of his writings, soon extracted a beefsteak and some onions from the stores. In the meantime their hostess, Mrs. O'Scanlan had busied herself and the three decker stove was in a roar of expectancy.

A howling winter's storm out doors, within—warmth, light and good cheer, and be hanged to the morrow that had no cares, put the party in excellent humor, and when O'Scanlan came in from the stahles, a veritable snow-man in appearance, and with a rush of wind and blinding snow, as he opened the door, the party unanimously decided that the O'Scanlan fireside was the most delightful spot on earth, and this too hefore the punch was brewed by the Colonel.

"Gentlemen, your very good health," exclaimed the Ancient and Honorable," and may you all livo to my age of eighty and two, that you may acquire some wisdom and knowledge. I never expect to hear of any of you startling the world by your brilliancy, but I hope for some improvement .To achieve even this, Gentlemen, you must be temperate in all things."

Here the "Ancient and Honorable" stopped and absent-mindedly drank his glass of punch to the dregs.

A smile went around the circle. The artist plucked up courage to ask what the A. and H. meant by being temperate. "That," said the A. and H. "varies with the individual, let me illustrate my meaning with a story,"

"Once upon a time there was a common drunkard and it occurred to him that he would be a good subject to insure and then he persuaded some one into giving him an open credit in one of the bar-rooms. Shortly after he died, and the insurance was claimed, but the company declined payment on the ground that the insured was intemperate when the policy was issued. A law-suit followed and testimony was offered by the plaintiffs to show that hard drinking did not imply intemperance. One of their witnesses was a French-Canadian *bateau* captain from up the river, and this is about the nature of the questions and answers."

"Captain, you knew the deceased ?"

"Yes."

"You considered him a moderate drinker ?"

"Yes, sure."

"You drink yourself ?"

"Yes, but I'm temperate man me, I don't drink mooch."

"Will you state how many nips you take in theday ?"

"*Bon Dieu !* I not keep de count, but I'm temperate man me."

"I understand, but try to give the court some idea of what you mean by temperate."

"Wal, when I get up on de mornin' and go h'out for take note h'on de wedder I firs tak a good nip of gin, she verra good ting to tak before breakfast for mak *de bon appetit.*"

"Well, after ?"

"I go for see de bateau, h'an giv' de h'order h'on de mans, den I go h'on de 'ouse and tak *un coup* de gin before I go h'on Peter street for see de sheep capataines."

"What then ?"

"We talk de business h'on de bar-room and we tak tree, four, five nip perhaps, but I not keep de count, beeause I'm temperate man me and not tak verra many."

"And after that ?"

"I tak earter for drive h'on de Cove, mebbe I meet some frens who ax me for av' a drink, so I stop four, tree tam hefore I h'arrive *chez-moi* ?"

"And when you get home ?"

"Wal, I feel pretty good for av' de appetizer you call 'im *pour diner.*"

"And in the afternoon, Captain?"

"*Bien!* I tak de snooze and den I go h'on Peter Street h'again for see more de sheep capataines. Wall, we tak six, five more nip to mak de contrae,' h'an I go *chez-moi* for h'eat de supper."

"Do you go out in the evening?"

"Sure, for we play *les cartes* h'on de 'ouse of M'sieur D———, but we not drink mooch, four, tree, two nip h'of whiskey *blanc*, for I'm temperate man me."

"And when you leave M'sieu D———?"

"Wall, I go *chez-moi* straight and I tak what you call night-cap and go h'on my bed, for I'm temperate man me."

"That will do Captain."

"As you must have observed, gentlemen, as I proceeded with my yarn, temperance is relative," and so saying the "Ancient and Honorable" drew his chair closer to the three—decker and subsided, but there was a merry twinkle in his eye.

"The wisdom of all the ages is concentrated in the "Ancient and Honorable," may he endure forever as a guide and beacon light to his youthful friends," said the bald-headed Scribe. "The moral of the story he has just told points its finger hand at a long-forgotten past. Times have changed since the "Ancient" was born. Let me spin you a yarn that is more up to date."

"Last year when I was down in Northern Maine, moose-hunting, I stopped at the head-quarters of a prominent lumberman whose guest I was. My

friend's name was Wald. One night a French-Canadian arrived who was in a highly excited condition. He broke out at once

" M'sieu' Wall, M'sieu' Wall, de h'engineur man wat was run de *ligne* for de Tobsquash R.R. he los himself in de bush, and he go h he not fine himself no more. He go los for tree day. He not lak udder h'engineer man wat come h'on de bush wit dat little ting h'on tree stick wat dey look troo. Be gosh, no, he not de sam at all. Wan he go h'on de bush for mak de ligne, he av' de square face in de right pocket, and de round bottle in de lef. Before he start he put de square face to hee's mout h'an he tak long h'observe after he say : " Good luck, Jean ! " Wall, I tak leetle h'observe too me, h'an den we darn queek go troo de bush for mile mebbe roun de montagne, and den we tak more h'observe from de roun bottle. He very fine man dat h'engineer for mak de railro *ligne*. I not wid him de day he los himself."

" Very well Jean," said Wald. " I'll send a search party out to-morrow morning and I've no doubt we'll find your Engineer."

Early next morning Wald was completing arrangements for the search party when Jean came into camp all smiles.

" Be gosh ! M'sieu' Wall, dat h'engineer was fine himself in a steel," said Jean.

" In a steel," replied Wald, " what the devil do you mean ? "

" You not know a steel, M'sieu' Wall, be gosh ! dats place where dey mak de whiskey h'on de bush."

"Oh! I see," replied Wald, with a smile, "you mean a still."

"Yes, M'sieu' Wall, a steel; dat h'engineer man went h'on de bush wid dat feller Antoine, h'an day get los in two, tree hour. Bim by dey come h'on a cabane, but de door she lock. "Be gosh, say dat h'engineer man, Antoine, I smell de whiskey in dat cabane, h'an I go for smash de door." Wen dey got in dey fin two, tree *cruche* of wheesky *blanc* near dat steel.

"Dis is great discover," said dat h'engineer man, h'an I tink we camp here for tree, four day."

"But," Antoine he say," we av' no de provish for camp 'ere."

"No provish," say dat h'engineer man, "why you dam fool Antoine, wat more provish you want dan good wheesky *blanc* for strong man lak you an' me for tree, four day."

"So dey stay h'on dat cabane an' when dey foun' demselves go dry dey back home."

"I always wanted to meet that engineer," said the Scribe as he concluded his story, "but it never came to pass."

The Colonel got up, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and sat down again with the remark that the Scribe's yarn was too good a one to be true. "Scribe," added he, "you are a fakir of stories born of a fertile imagination, but you aro too young to impose upon your elders. Now, as an offset to your romance let me tell you of an actual experience of how my old Indian guide tried to resist temptation."

"It had always been my custom to pay him off as soon as I reached "Riverside'" and as invariably he never got further on his way to Lorette than the settlement where the first grog shop gobbled him up, and not until the last cent was gone did it relax its hold on him. Then he would return to me for a quarter, because as he would observe, "you not see h'ole Injun die for want of twenty-five cents." This usually tapered him off when I would start him to chop cord-wood in the bush. In paying him off one Saturday, I said to him : "Charlo, I want you to show yourself a man to-day, by passing through the settlement without stopping."

'Bien M'sieu' le Colonel, you see dat to-day, sure."

"Well, as a matter of fact I did'nt see it, but this is what Jackson saw on his way out. Charlo coming down the church hill on a dead run, and so through the settlement and beyond it for five or six acres, when he stopped short, turned round and leisurely sauntered back as far as the groggery where he was heard saying to himself, "*bien* ! Charlo, you 'av plenty de courage for pass h'on de settlemen,' now you tak good nip."

"Now Mr. Artist, spoiler of canvasses and costly paints, we'll hear from you, either a story or a song," called out the Ancient and Honorable."

"If I knew a good story I should probably spoil it in the telling, and were I to sing, the wail of the present blizzard would be sweet music in comparison, let me rather paint you in a group and we'll entitle it "The Last of Mohicans," or "The Wandering Minstrels," or "The Three Terrible Toughs."

" You refuse, then here goes a shattered yarn."

" One of the characters in my part of the world is an Irishman by the name of Pat Innis. One April 1st day he arrived in town and promptly paid his respects to the first bar, and while there some wag pinned a card on his back, bearing the words " welcome to town Pat Innis." For the rest of the day it was a royal reception. Everybody clapped him on the back and repeated welcome to town Pat Innis, and the amount of treating he got delighted him up to the point that it paralyzed him, and he then passed the night on the roadside instead of in his own comfortable bed. This brought on an attack of pneumonia that landed him at the point of death. The Doctor and the Priest were sent for at night and after the Doctor had pronounced Pat's demise within an hour or two the Priest administered the last sacraments. They both waited on however, for the end. About one o'clock when the Doctor and the Priest were most dead themselves from want of sleep, they were both startled by the dying man rising up in bed and exclaiming : " Sure is that your reverence and you too Doctor. Have ary a one of you a pipe of tobacey about ye, and Doctor dear it's a nip of the black bottle in the cupboard beyant there I'd like, for its better I am feelin,' an' God willin' we'll make a night of it."

They all laughed heartily at the artist's story. And then O'Scanlan was called upon for a real old Irish song.

" Faith " said O'Scanlan, " the divil another song

do I know but an old Irish one, so here goes for "Digging Turf on the Lea." The Scribe made an effort to take down the words, but there were only two stanzas he could decipher next morning of the twenty or thirty that O'Scanlan sang. It was the story of an Irishman who digging turf on the lea was enticed to enlist by a recruiting party, and who later on gives his experience of a recru[illegible]fe. The two stanzas are as follows :

"The first thing they gave me was an old gun,
A place on the trigger to put me thumb upon,
I put me thumb upon it and it began to smoke,
And it gave me poor shoulder a damned double poke
Oh ! Seagrant McGuire you're a mighty queer man,
To put such a tool into any man's hand
Say, Sergeant McGuire, wont you let me retire,
Bad luck to the thing, don't you see it spitting fire."

"If it's a fiddler now we had Biddy here would give us a step dance," said O'Scanlan as he concluded his song, "for its a great dancer she is entirely."

"From the first I was that," replied Mrs. O'Scanlan, "I mind once we uns all went to a dance at Uncle Jim's. Of course I was dressed in my best, and they said I looked well. I was a slip of a thing only sixteen. There was a lad from town and a fine dancer he was to be sure, and nothing would do but I must get on the flure with him. Well we danced till all hours. The next day, I mind it well, we uns were killing pigs and I was carrying bilin' water to the men when I looks up the road and who should I see but my laddie o'lea from town with the fiddler and the

fiddle tucked under his arm. Well if you had seen the rig I was in, an old coat of dadda's and a hat full of holes and me bare feet. My lad came up to me for I had'nt a chance to get away for the men were waiting for the hot water.

"Is Miss Bridget in?" says he.

"She is," says I, "but she's asleep."

"I'm sorry," says he, "for I would like to have had another dance with her." And with that he went away, to the town, and I never saw him again.

"If there was a fiddler here to-night," said the Ancient and Honorable, "I'd prolong our entertainment all night for the pleasure of some step-dances with Mrs. O'Scanlan. As it is, gentlemen, it's bed time, so draw out the *carriole* rugs on the floor alongside the stove. Shove in the night log O'Scanlan, and I'll show these youngsters how to curl up on a buffalo and sleep like a baby."

FROM OUT OF A BLIZZARD

PART II

THE Ancient and Honorable, always an early riser, was astir at daybreak, and, poking, his head out of the door, took an observation of the weather conditions. The storm had ceased and a roseate sky adown the East proclaimed a clear cold day, but the snow lay in great drifts about the buildings and all tracks and roads were obliterated beneath the gray white mantle. He closed the door with a bang to awaken the snoring sleepers, and, while they were yawning themselves into life, he noisily made up the fire as he sang :

"High life of a hunter. He meets on the hill
The new wakened daylight so bright and so still,
And feels as the clouds of the morning unroll
The silence, the splendour, enoble his soul.
Tis his o'er the mountain to stalk like a ghost
Enshrouded with snow in which Nature is lost."

'Faith gentlemen," said he, as he wound up his song, "it's over the mountains you'll stalk to-day on snow-shoes for Nature is lost this morning under drifts that we'll find some trouble in putting the horses through, unless you are prepared to pull and

AFTER THE STORM.

push, but after all it is only by pull and push that we have any of us gotten through life, so :

"Let us all be up an doing
With a heart for any fate,
Hill achieving , still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

But we won't wait too long, just labor.

Sleepy-eyed O'Seanlan, after a moment's survey of the situation through a slit in the door, pronounced the roads impassable, but Mrs. O'Seanlan, who appeared on the scene at this juncture, simply said : "Pat, it's some wood you'll go out and cut to get the breakfast with, and it's then you'll help the gentlemen get started."

The start was the prelude of the finish. Apart from the *balises* which indicated where the road had been, road there was none, but the party were of good hope and the bright, cripsy morning was inspiring.

The artist wanted to stop every few moments to get out his easel, paints and canvasses to "put down some notes." as he expressed it, but the others laughed him to scorn and told him that he only wanted an excuse to loaf while they froze. They broke out the road for the horses by going in advance on snowshoes, and at bad drifts they used the snow-shovels which O'Seanlan had loaned them.

When the mountains came down close to the river and the heavy bush commenced, the road became merely a deep track. The heavily snow laden spruce and balsam trees dropped their burdens of snow on

the heads of the party as they passed beneath, and the "carioles" soon became filled.

"Your Canadian bush in winter," remarked the artist to the scribe, "is a revelation, a joy forever, and its dead silence after a snowfall, is wonderful. Apparently there is no other living thing in it except ourselves."

The Colonel, as became his rank, led the party with rifle ready, "for," as he sagely remarked, "it was always the unexcepted that occurred and who could say that he might not get a shot at a caribou or a moose."

"It's a good deal more likely that you'll get a shot at some logger's old horse, and it's then you'll learn the value of a dead horse," said the Ancient and Honorable.

"Bah!" said the Colonel, "if I had you, Ancient and Honorable, in my *bêtes de patates* corps I'd drill you into a respect for your superior officer."

"What's a *bête de patate* corps?" enquired the innocent artist.

"That," answered the scribe, "is the name by which the *habitants* designate the volunteers in red jackets. Translated it means potato bugs. The *habitant* isn't any great respector of persons, or titles. Even a Colonel doesn't paralyze him, for truth is that Colonels are now as thick as leaves on the trees. Unless we create more Generals the Colonels will soon be at a discount."

"Just so," put in the artist, "it's almost painful to run up against so many Colonels, and it would

be a relief. to discover a simple private. I did find a lance-corporal last winter at a public dinner at the Frontenac." I sat next to him :—" I said ; 'Colonel, you're health !' He replied : 'I beg your pardon sir, I have the honorable distinction of being a lance-corporal.' "

" So I drank to the health of all lance-corporals and privates. You Canadians have always laughed at us Americans because of our fondness for military titles, but you are following our example and some day we'll turn the lime light on you and have our laugh."

Approaching mid-day the sound of axes announced the proximity of the jobbers camp. A turn of the road revealed it, and a shout from the Colonel brought old Narteau to the door with a profusion of welcome and offers of assistance.

" M'sieu' le Colonel, *attendez, attendez,* I will call the boys," and darting into the camp he again re-appeared with a birch bark horn used for calling moose. On this he bellowed and grunted for a few moments, with many swings and postulations of body.

The whole proceeding set the artist on the broad grin, although he admitted it was immense.

Answering grunts and groans came from the mountain side, and soon three sturdy, chunky young fellows swung down on their snowshoes, and the horses were at once unharnessed and stabled. Narcisse announced dinner and all hands sat down at a long log table. Bush pea soup was served in tin

bowls, and the Ancient and Honorable expressed it as his firm conviction that this was the Ambrosia of the Gods, and pot bread was its righteous accompaniment.

A corner of the big log camp was preempted by the party, thoroughly broomed and spread a foot thick with fresh balsam branches. The artist set up his easel near the only window, while the scribe went diligently to work with old Narteau to arrange the *menu* for the evening meal. The Colonel amused himself hunting hares in a swamp near the camp.

Winter days are short in the deep spruce bush at the foot of the mountains, and the darkness drops at once—often as early as half past three.

The three young Narteau's when they came in from their chopping busied themselves in choring and caring for the horses, then the three sat together on a bench and smoked their pipes and conversed in low tones. The Colonel brought in two hares whereupn the Ancient and Honorable told the story of the two sportsmen hurrying to overtake a hare that they had caught a glimpse of, when they met a country boy and one of the sportsmen said to him:

"Did you see a hare go by a moment ago?"

"What, a little thing with four legs that goes hoppity, hoppity?"

"Yes," said the sportsman.

"And with two long ears?"

"Yes, boy, yes!"

"And a little short tail with a white tip?"

"That's him," said the impatient sportsman, "and where did he go?"

"Well," replied the boy with a drawl, "I ain't seen him to-day."

"That boy," said the Colonel, "was too smart to have ever been successful."

"I will illustrate my meaning. Last summer one of our most successful Scotch-Canadians joined me in London. It was his first visit to England. Walking down the Strand together one morning we were stopped by a well dressed man who asked us whether we could direct him to the office of Smith & Co. Barberry Lane. I was about to answer that we were strangers to London, when to my utter surprise, my Scotch-Canadian friend said :

"Certainly sir, turn the first left hand corner, go down two blocks, turn then to your right, and a couple of doors down you will see Smith's sign."

The gentleman thanked us profusely and went on his way.

I turned to my friend and said, "how in the world did you know how to direct that man ?"

"Why," he answered, "I didn't, but I wanted to send him away happy and make a good fellow of myself. Josh Billings never uttered a greater truth than in that saying of his—when a man comes to you for advice, find out what kind of advice he wants and give him that if you want to satisfy him that you're a clever follow."

The scribe who had donned himself in a paper bag chef's cap and an improvised apron made from a flour sack and labelled "Jones' Best." announced supper and with great jollity the meal proceeded.

After supper the artist, who had painted all the afternoon, produced his unfinished sketch of the camp interior with all its subtle mystery of light, and it was voted a genuine Rembrant " with lights out."

" Bah ! " said the artist. " it's always lights out' with such ignoramuses as you fellows." As a diversion from the artist's remarks which were pointed and personal, someone asked old Narteau whether he ever saw any bears around the camp.

" Be gosh ! you right, I 'av de great experience h'on de camp 'ere when I go for to bring in de provish h'on de fall tam. I get tree, four load h'on de cabane, an' I go for some more. When I h'arrive I 'ear mooch tumble h'on de h'inside, an' I go for see. Be gosh ! a beeg bear she root up de provish. Well damn quick I pull too dat dour an' stick in de pin for close, h'an I say now m'sieu' bear I go for gun to keel you. Be gosh'! I not go ten feet when I 'ear de smash, h'an I see dat bear com' troo de winder wid de sash aroun' hees neck like wat you call de *collet*. (collar) Be gosh ! den I run pretty quick an' de bear she run too. Well, I not stop for light de pipe, but I get h'out h'on de bush an' h'in my 'ouse."

It was young Joe who now broke in with :

" Voici l'hiver arrivé.
Les rivières sont gelées ;
C'est le temps d'aller au bois
Manger du lard et des pois.
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons !
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons !"

Before the last stanza was sung all but the artist were sound asleep.

Over the mountains was a chain of lakes much resorted to by [illegible] and said to abound in tommy cods. The [illegible] almost certain that old Narteau called them [illegible] cod [illegible] what is in a name, a rose by any other [illegible] would smell as sweet. One morning, the party tied on snow shoes and visited these lakes for the [illegible] and a caribou steak. They found a [illegible] lodge on the shore of the first lake and promptly took possession of it. Armed with an ice chisel mounted on a long pole the Ancient and Honorable soon had a half dozen holes cut in the ice and as many lines set. The artist and the scribe took notes from the shelter of the lodge and the Colonel set forth to do or be done.

The fishing proved good and now it came time to return but no Colonel. Shortly after, however, the click, click of his snowshoes announced his coming. And the conquering hero could not have looked prouder than he as he spread a beautiful caribou skin at the feet of his friends.

"Gentlemen," said he, 'we have all found what we came for, and if it is agreed we will return to Quebec to-morrow."

And it was so agreed.

AUTUMN GLEANING ABOUT QUEBEC

OLD Mother Nature is liberal in her gifts to us if we go to her in the proper spirit of understanding. Even when drear late autumn has despoiled her of many of her most cherished possessions she is still generous of gifts from what remains to her of spring and summer finery wherewith we may continue to decorate our house and keep alive the memory of better days when she showered us with a wealth of bloom for the taking.

When the late autumn frosts have laid low even the last remaining flower in our fields and gardens there yet remains a wealth of beauty in much of the stricken plant life wherewith we may make bouquets alive with color, form and showiness that bring sunshine into the home.

Before the snow falls we make the first collecting tour in our garden with a certainty of some good finds. Our hardy rose-bushes are covered with round large orange or red berries. With our clipping shears we cut a considerable number of laden branches. It is a cluster of beautiful colors and so it will remain all winter in our vases, and, if we have previously partially filled our vases with rose petals, we may have

the odor of the flowers for months, as a reminder of late June days. We next attack the snowball bush so called because of its large white berry. This we also despoil of some of its branches and placing them beside our brilliant rose fruit they form a wondrous contrast of white orange and red. A barberry bush with its beautiful, delicate, elongated crimson fruit in rows down the stem, is somewhat heavily drawn upon for it holds its leaves until very late and the berries or fruit retain their fulness and color until spring. The berry of the barberry is somewhat sour and astringent. Some country house-wives make it into a jelly as a substitute for cranberry sauce for the Christmns turkey. Our winter birds, avoid it, perhaps because of its sourness. It makes a delightful house decoration either by itself or interpersed with other varieties of shrubs.

The mountain ash with its great clusters of crimson berries next receives our attention. It lacks grace because of the heavy bunches of fruit, but it endures well and the color is good. It is largely sold on our open Quebec market in the autumn by the habitant market women. It retains its color all winter. We take it to mix with our green Christmas decorations of princess pine and trailing hemlock. Sometimes we string it on the threads for similar purposes. The pembina, or high bush cranberry, is another bush from which we cull largely as it has a crimson fruit that is decorative and lasting. We have sometimes made preserves from it, but we cannot recommend it as tasty. The Indians use it as an anti-scorbutic to

a purely meat diet in winter. From a patch of periwinkle we cut some long stems for the sake of its rich shiny dark green leaves and their drooping streamery. When dropped into a vase filled with water. it will keep fresh for several months. This completes our garden gleaning although we might have added several other things to it, but we are always bearing in mind our field and wood excursion that we know will yield us large returns. A house even has its limitations of space for floral or plant decoration.

The day we went a-field we had several members of our family with us for the delightful outing which it implied in the cool crisp day lighted by the sun in an unclouded morning. We know the country well and where each plant grows that we are searching for. First of all we hunt a dry hillside for the milkweed, and finding it, we cut the pod bearing stalks close to the ground. Some of these pods are already opening and their beautiful white, fleecy and shiny, and myriad Gossamer heads like threads of finest silk that are ready to take aerial flight with their little browny seeds attached ; a balloon of such light and delicate texture that a breath sets it afloat and away it goes in search of " fresh fields and pastures new." The closed pods when brought into the house open gradually and their contents without escaping form an umbel of surprising loveliness.

In a little marsh pond we find some beautiful brown headed cat-tails and we are careful not to cut those that have commenced to show signs of disintegration for, like the seed of the milkweed, it is winged for

flight and the seed from one head of cat-tail will cover everything in a house with its down. The cat-tail is decorative. however, as it makes a tall background in a vase for the milkweed and the sedge grass which we find growing near-by. The seed pod of this coarse marsh grass is a series of spincy heads each of three quarters of an inch in diameter. In its autumn dress of quaker drab it is an effective addition to our vase arrangement.

In a fence hedge, not far away, we find the clematis vine with its seed whorls at every joint. They are umbels of fleeciness, and the delicate long vine stem may be twisted into any form. Although the fruit of the high bush sumac is rather a heavy bunch or spike of deep maroon it is not without a charm—at all events it goes into our collections because perhaps of its very stiffness, or because it is deeper in color than any other of our fall fruits. It endures forever indoors.

Some of our thistles, if not gathered too late in the season are delightful as the heads of the flowers are fluffy seed receptacles.

Some of our French Canadian tenants yearly bring us dyed grasses in bouquet form, also bundles of dyed everlasting with which, in their own houses, they decorate the memorial souvenirs of the deceased that hang in the best room and give you the creeps on a winter's day as you are ushered in. The everlasting is also used by our habitant friends to stuff pillows and cushions. We only use it to make contrast of color in our vase arrangements. It's pearly

grey is a good stand off against the sombre drabs of other holdings. It grows luxuriantly in waste places where the rock is close to the surface.

Along the roadside we gather some of the seeded purple asters and golden rods, for these also make for decorative effect when combined with other things such as wild parsnips, etc.

And by the by how our small birds of the winter love to perch on the stalk of the wild parsnip and devour its seed.

Before the snow comes we go to the deep spruce bush for our Christmas decorations such as the princess pine and the trailing hemlock, both vines of evergreen leaf, but we also find other interesting plants. On an old moss-grown log we discover the creeping snowberry, the smallest and loveliest of all the heath family with its tiny white berries. This with some wintergreen will make a very pretty combination for a shallow bowl. We half fill our pockets with wintergreen berries to nibble on for their aromatic flavor which is pleasant to the taste. In a waste patch some wild blackberry bushes are still in leaf, and the leaves run the gamut of reds to deep purples. We cut a bunch of stems because of their wealth of color.

By this time some of the young members of our party are beginning to complain of being hungry. One said she wished there was a cracker-tree growing near-by. We piloted them, not to a cracker tree, but to a wild apple-tree we knew of on the edge of a wood whereon grew a sweet apple generous of flavor but

of coarse growth. There were a few remaining which we speedily devoured, and then we turned home-ward through a bush-road that we might pick up some stalks of the gingsing for the sake of its blue fruit, and also to gather some Indian hay for its perfume. We had by now exhausted the varieties of plants that lend themselves to house decoration in the winter, and for our purpose we had quite sufficient for the scheme of vase and jardiniere arrangement we had in view.

When we struck the high road we met a neighboring farmer who smilingly enquired what we were going to do with " them dried weeds ? "

" Call in this evening Mr. Plowman and we'll be delighted to show you," was our reply.

We wish we could even faintly convey an idea of the beauty of an unconventional grouping of these various forms, but only an illustration could do that unless we could show the vases and jardinieres themselves when arranged.

In our walks over the fields around Quebec we have never found the bitter-sweet vine with its orange and red clusters of fruit. We know of nothing so decorative as this plant.

Our walk has proved n pleasant one, and at the same time it has been educational to all for as we searched we found not only the things for which we sought, but a hundred others quite as interesting in their way, and it keyed up our bump of observation and enlarged our understanding. The faculty of close observations is too little cultivated now-a-days. We

leave all that to specialists and are content to take our information second hand. This has enabled the nature-fakir to impose his bogus stories on the public to such an extent that they have become a plague of untruths.

ST. MAURICE RIVER WITH ROD AND CANOE

GLORIOUS afternoon of a cool August day when the little train drew panting into Grandes Piles the railroad terminus on the St. Maurice River, and the beginning of water navigation to La Tuque, and then beyond by canoe to the world's end. A wild fall, a scattered village on the side of the great sand hills, and behind ragged bare mountains of variegated colored rocks. Three little river boats, paintless and generally dirseputable, panted furiously at their shore moorings. A motley crowd of river men, lumber jacks, Indians, railroad contractors, wandering Chinamen idled about to witness the final loading and departure of the up-river craft. Passengers had to walk the long plank if in fit state, but otherwise they were seized by three stalwart boatmen and summarily dragged on board and planted amidst the freight to sleep off their heavy potations. "Man dear," said a stalwart Scotchman to us, "this is the way most of them go abroad, but they re grand fellows in the bush when the whiskey is out of them."

The fellows who were only mellow bantered words

with their friends on shore, and the latter returned it. Such a singular looking crowd. They are conventional as to a slouch hat, but it was many hued as to flannel shirts. Finally the whistle of the good steamer Samson gave a shrill toot. The St. Maurice replied, lines were cast off and we started one boat following the other so close that a stern end collision seemed momentarily imminent.

A few miles up stream and we were well into rugged and piled up mountains that oft'times dropped sheer into the river. Wherever a chance offered for a fair foothold on a piece of land some hardy river man had pre-empted it and settled down to cultivating a numerous family, at least we saw no other crop that amounted to anything.

Fire some thirty years ago destroyed all standing timber over a large section of this country. Here and there a tall dead pine stands a pitiful memorial of the devastation caused.

A prominent American lumberman who was on board with us on his way to inspect some limits on the Vermilion River, said to us :—" What you see here in the way of destruction caused by bush fires has followed in the wake of the lumberman all over the continent. It is inevitable notwithstanding all care and precaution. Many of us therefore who have been scorched in the past are like the burnt child that dreads the fire, and now-a-days we sweep our limits clean of all merchantable timber as we go and give no thought to that future growth that never comes to us. Dread experience has taught us to be cruel to save

the timber from the worse fate of the devouring element of fire. It is fire-fire, and not the lumbermen that is responsible for the havoc wrought in the pine and spruce sections of the country.

" You have noticed," continued he, " the thousands and thousands of spruce logs stranded along the shores and on the sand bars. It has taken two years to get these logs as far as this and they come a river journey of upwards of 300 miles, so you see the lumbermen is now compelled to go far afield for his supplies and to wait a long time for his returns."

" Yes, the extension of the Quebec and Lake St. John R.R. to La Tuque will be a great boon to the lumber jobbers as it will lessen their haulage of provisions, hay, etc., that now has to be teamed from Grandes Piles in winter. Quebec merchants if thoroughly awake to their own interests would soon have supply depots and agents at La Tuque to catch this important and growing trade. Montreal is already after it hot foot."

" Another thing, with a well appointed hotel at La Tuque and a couple of light draught stern wheelers on the river. the round trip from Quebec to La Tuque by rail, to Grandes Piles by steamer, and thence to Quebec by rail, will become one of the most popular with tourists as it can be comfortably made with only one nights' stay at La Tuque. The scenery on the line of the railroad is most picturesque while the river in wildness is a close second to the Saguenay with some added charms entirely of its own."

We were quite prepared to agree with our American

acquaintance, for at every turn in the river some new and striking features in the mountains presented themselves. The river is swift and shallow. To follow the buoyed channel the staunch boat Samson was alternately slipping up along shore on one side and then on the other.

We made several stops to let off a stray passenger or a mail bag. The engines were stopped, a couple of roustabouts grabbed the nearest tree with a boat hook and hung on, a plank was run out, and the thing was done.

Once we were hailed to stop. We swung in shore and on the top of an almost perpendicular sand hill about 60 feet above the river we found an entire family, its furniture and live stock to be embarqued for La Tuque. It seemed an impossible feat, but our Captain was a resourceful man. Out came a block and tackle, a nimble fellow, after some few set backs, scaled the hill, attached the block and tackle to a stump, took a hitch around the family stove as the first article to be embarked, and then, while he held fast to the other end of the rope, the owner of the stove shoved it over the bank and down it magestically sailed in a great cloud of dust to the beach. The turn of the cow came, the rope was tied around her forequarters and despite her kicks and protests, she too was pushed over the edge and down she came the most surprised cow we ever saw when she reached the landing. A heterogenous collection of furniture then followed with a dozen youngsters hitched in pairs ; but the crowning glory of the show was the

descent of the woman with a baby in arms. The rope was adjusted around her waist, when, taking a sitting position with her feet well braced and spread, she was let go and slid as gracefully to the bottom as a small boy does off the roof of a house. She was loudly cheered and she smiled her acknowledgements. We verily believe that woman had been doing that stunt all her life.

We passed the hat around and when it was half full of coin we presented it to her and wished her joy in her new home, and further increases to her already large family.

Her reply was simple as her English was limited. "By gosh m'sieur! you av de good heart. When I get in La Tuque by gosh, I buy me wan *creche* (cradle) for tink of you!"

Of such are the joys of the French-Canadian outdwellers.

Mekinac, a pretentious settlement of two or three houses, now came into view, and as we were to debark here for our further journey into the wilderness of mountains "away and aback beyant," the gallant Captain announced our arrival with a flourish of cap and "for he's a jolly good fellow" from the dozen newly made acquaintances, which we still think was intended for our lady member, the good steamer Samson turned gracefully into the swift stream, and was off again.

Just then one of the river jacks who had been paralyzed all the way up, lifted himself up so that his head showed above the steamer's rail. Gazing at us

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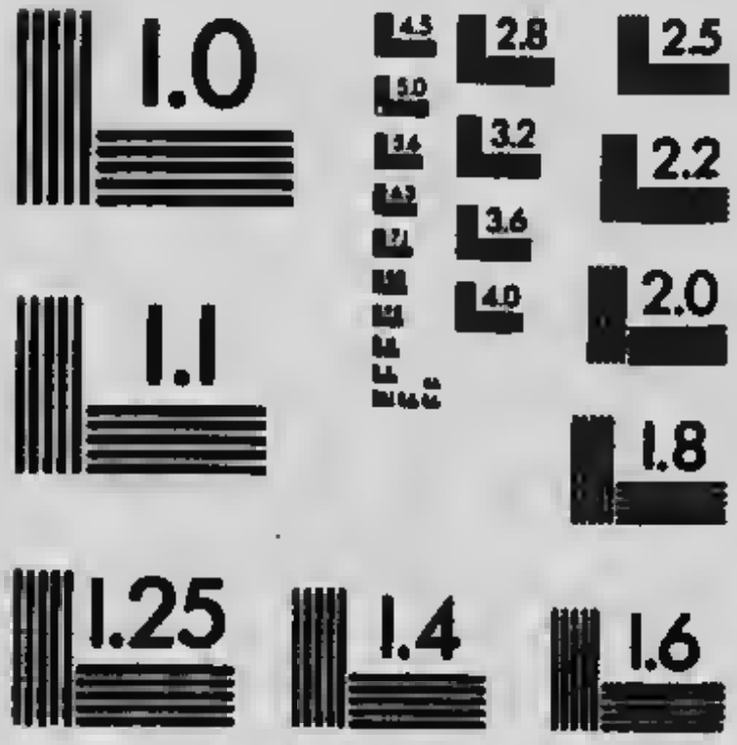
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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with codfish eyes he exclaimed : "lost by gosh !" and dropped below the rail.

Well we were somewhat lost we admit, but a moment later our quondam friend of the long ago—Arsenault of river fame, came down to the landing and heartily greeted us.

"Could we get into Capt. Batchelder's camp before dark ?" "Seven miles over the mountains and a bush road and just three hours of daylight," replied Arsenault, "but we'll chance it, but without luggage."

Ten minutes later our lady member astride a little horse and Arsenault and the writer on a buck-board disappeared in the bush.

The afterglow was just fading off the lake when we drew rein at Camp Chateau and received noisy welcome from a pointer dog that at once brought our host and a horde of men and women retainers to our side.

We were first of all thawed out before a roaring log fire, then we were dined a la Delmonico, and at ten o'clock a smart maid showed us across the gallery to our bedroom. In these high altitudes the nights are cold and we found three blankets none too warm.

About five a.m., the maid brought us hot coffee and announced that the canoe was ready and the guide in waiting to take us on the lake for the early fishing. We left the lady member sound asleep as we slipped out into the chill morning air and into our canoe.

The trout were in rising humor, and when the gong at the camp announced breakfast we had a goodly number of trout of fair size to our record.

CHATEAU LAKE.—Mekinac.

Days followed days of alternate fishing, explorations for new lakes, and delightful evenings in camp when the day's work was done and notes to be compared. Our host Captain Batchelder, was a cavalry leader during the Rebellion and saw stirring warfare. Later he became one of the pioneers in the far West and took an active part in state construction out of unclaimed wilderness. When Oklahoma was opened to settlement he was among the pioneers, and the first builder of important warehouses in the city of that name. His adventures and exploits in the West are written large on the roll of men who have dared and done things. In our Canadian wilderness he still continues his activities, and in his vast area of country he is employing dozens of men in the opening of trails and roads and the building of camps. At Lake Chateau a sumptious series of buildings have been erected as headquarters. They are designed for a large staff of servants and guides and for the comfort and convenience of the captain's many guests who number prominent and distinguished people in the U. S. and Canada. The territory abounds in game—moose, caribou and deer are everywhere numerous. Trout fill the lakes and streams. Beaver are in such numbers as to be almost a nuisance. We visited a lake where these active little animals had built a dam two hundred and twenty feet long, and of wonderful engineering skill. Between the two lakes Chateau we destroyed a dam one evening to permit of the passage of the canoes. The following morning it was all rebuilt and even stronger. We watched several

of the beaver at work and admired their skill. The protection afforded these little animals this past few years has worked their salvation and to-day they are quite numerous again.

Some river drivers spending a Saturday night at our camp gave the Captain an opportunity for exhibiting their skill in stunts on floating logs. He offered $10 in prizes for various feats, the contest to come off next morning. There were five contestants and some of the feats performed on the floating logs showed balancing that was simply astonishing. One active young fellow turned a somersault on his log and preserved his place, cooly stood up and lighted his pipe and commenced birling his log, that is rolling it as rapidly as possible in the water. One old fellow lay on his back on his log and feigned sleep—a very pretty feat this. Two men then stood up on one log and each tried to turn it in opposite directions, or perhaps in one way until one lost his balance and took a header into the water which always turned the laugh against him. Many other and some daring feats were performed, such as taking long jumps from one log to another and maintaining a balance. After the prize winners were announced a liberal jorum of whiskey was dealt out to each man. One of these men we afterwards took with us on a trip in which there were several long and ugly portages where the canoe had to be carried. His sure-footedness and speed through the tangle was a delight to us to witness. He never once made a mis-step while we were oft'times floundering.

The Captain kept some horses for riding over the trails. Their training from colthood for this work had made them as much at home on these rough paths as a mountain mule.

Our last day at Lake Chateau was devoted to fishing. Some forty large trout were taken to our fly when we rested in great content. Our evening in camp was spent before a great log fire in the big living room listening to strange tales of adventures in the far West and of war and battles in which the Captain played a part.

The next morning the cavalcade of riders fell into line the buckboard followed with the baggage, the guides brought up the rear and so we moved down the mountains to the St. Maurice River where the steamer of that name impatiently awaited our coming to bear us back into civilization.

CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF

HE following brief sketch of Krieghoff must be considered solely as supplementary to the one published in "From My Quebec Scrap Book," 1907. It contains some new informations from authorative sources.

However defective the technical art in the paintings of Cornelius Krieghoff, the interest in them steadily grows with the years, and their market value is ever upward. They will always be interesting, if only from an ethnological or historical point of view, and this would alone entitle them to consideration if for no other reason. Whenever there is to be a National Museum in Quebec a serious effort should be made to install some of the more locally characteristic of his works. He saw and caught, perhaps crudely, yet entertainingly, so many of the salient features of the life of French Canada as it existed fifty years ago, and which all too soon was to disappear, that we who claim birth-right in our Province of Quebec may justly acclaim him as our Wilkie. His prolific brush seized upon anything that was quaint, curious, humorous or interesting, and transferred it to canvas. In landscape he pie-

tured our autumn colorings in too detailed vividness, but the scenes are familiar and endeared to us by associations that lend them interest. So too with his winter snows, deep sunsets, and darkling spruces with their lonesome figures of Indian or hunters. Then how his settler's log house in our back mountain clearings captivates us with all its accompanying minutiae of detail, not forgetting the pig and the last baby which appears at the open door in its mother's arms as both give welcome to the returning master of the house seated in his old berlo drawn by tough Blanc in much patched harness. Some of the drawing may be very bad, much of the coloring is faulty—the perspective may be wrong, very often is, yet the picture is as faithful to the life as he could portray it, and this faithfulness is the charm. We forgive his limitations of good art in his humanity, his fidelity to the detail. If we do not stand enraptured before his pictures because of their supreme beauty of ideality, we enjoy him because he has let us into the "family circle" as it were. Since the publication of my sketch of Krieghoff in the Christmas issue of the Telegraph for 1906, I have received dozens of letters of enquiry from all over the Dominion for further particulars of his works and his career. I have even had paintings sent me by express to authenticate as to whether by him or otherwise. When I wrote the article referred to I had to rely entirely upon such information as I could derive from John S. Budden, Esq., who lived with Krieghoff for some thirteen years and who handled most of his

pictures painted in Quebec. I could unearth no letters of Krieghoff, nor could I find anyone who remembered very much about him. He was a retiring man, except to a few intimates, all dead except Budden.

The publication of the sketch, however, finally brought me a letter from a William Krieghoff, an artist and illustrator on the New York Herald staff, who stated that he was a grand nephew of Cornelius Krieghoff. Further correspondence brought out the following facts from the data in his possession.

Cornelius Krieghoff was the eldest son of John Krieghoff, a manufacturer of wall paper at Dusseldorf in Saxony, where Cornelius was born about 1812. His mother was a Hollander, a Miss Van Wanters. His boyhood was spent at Mainburg Castle, near Schweinfurt, in Bavaria. He received a good education and studied music and painting in Dusseldorf. When about eighteen he started on foot to see Europe, relying on his ability as a musician and painter to pay his way. His tour mpleted he turned his thoughts to the United States as a field for his talents, and finally landed in New York to become a wandering musician and a collector of rare plants for a German University. The Seminole war breaking out he joined the U. S. army in order to observe and record the events of that sanguinary conflict in the Everglades of Florida. He made several hundreds of drawings, and the U. S. Government commissioned him to make replicas of them for the War Department Archives, which he did in his

studio at Rochester, New York, where he resided for several years. He next removed to Toronto, where his brother Ernest was living. Again he opened a studio, but of this period of his career and his work I know nothing. I doubt whether Toronto at that date was very responsive to the appeals of art. At all events Krieghoff soon wiped the dust of the Lake City from his feet and next he has opened a studio in Montreal. Here he was more successful, and a series of four pictures that he painted attracted a good deal of attention. They were entitled Place D'Armes, Driving Club Crossing St. Lawrence, Canadian Habitant Interior, Indian Wigwam. Krieghoff had these four pictures lithographed in Germany. Lord Elgin graciously accepted their dedication to himself. Subscriptions were taken at some guineas a set, and Krieghoff found himself five or six hundred pounds the richer. Thee pictures were executed in 1848. Encouraged by this success Krieghoff took a wife, a French Canadian lady, and in the Montreal Dietory for 1849 I find him located at Current St. Marys.

Somewhere about 1851 John S. Budden, of Quebec, made the acquaintance of Krieghoff. This acquaintance ripened into an enduring friendship, and in 1853, Krieghoff, with his wife and young daughter removed to Quebec, and in the city directory for 1854-5 I find 25 John Street given as his town address, and Cap Rouge Road as his country residence.

Stimulated and encouraged by the enthusiasm of Mr. Budden and the liberal purchases of his pic-

tures by such men as James Gibb, J. R. Young, C. R. O'Connor, D. D. Young, J. J. Foote, and also by many of the British officers stationed in Quebec, Krieghoff entered upon a most successful career. It is true his pictures at that date brought small prices, but again he was a rapid and prolific worker, and his output was very considerable. He had, however, the bad habit of making three or four replicas of any picture that pleased him. Portrait painting interested him not at all, although I have run across three or four bearing his signature. I recall a portrait of the late A. J. Maxham, another of Col. F. Turnbull when a lad—the other names I have forgotten.

Possessed of a keen sense of humor, he found expression for it in his genre pictures of the amusing life around him, and some of these paintings and their lithographic reproductions are celebrated. Messrs Thomas & Co., art dealers of Philadelphia, bought many of Krieghoff's paintings to secure the right to reproduce them in color or in black in white. Two fine examples of Krieghoff's paintings are in the Wilstatch collection now in memorial Hall, Fairmount, Park, Philadelphia. One is an autumn and the other a winter landscape. . Montreal has a good many genuine Krieghoffs, and a great many spurious ones. To Mr. Angus Hooper fell the very remarkable piece of good luck last year while in London of discovering, in the shop of a dealer in odds and ends, some fifteen Krieghoff—all good examples. He purchased the entire lot for less than the present value of one. They

were without doubt from the collection of some officer deceased.

It was not unsual for Krieghoff whenever he had an accumulation of paintings on hand to have them sold at auction. I lately became possessed of the catalogue of one of these sales in 1862. It may be interesting to the present owners of these paintings to know that the prices for which they were then sold ranged from $12 to $20. These same pictures today would bring from $100 to $300, and who can say that in another ten years even the latter prices will will not be doubled.

The collection made by the late James Gibb, of Quebec, and now in the possession of his widow, (later Mrs. David Ross) is, by far the largest and finest extant. It includes Krieghoff's magnum opus. "After the Ball at Jolifous', Montmorency." The early dawn of a winter's morning, the crowd streaming out of the old fashioned high stooped French inn—all in excellent humor and full of high spirits (and other spirits) for the drive back to Quebec. It is replete with figures and ludicrous scenes, but withal characteristic of the period, and the circumstance. I have understood that $4,000 has been offered and refused for this picture.

Let me now return to this sale in 1862. Here is the catalogue in full :—

ATTRACTIVE AND IMPORTANT SALE

OF

OIL PAINTINGS

Being the remainder of the collection left unfinished at the time of the previous sale, belonging to

C. KRIEGHOFF, ESQ.,

— AT —

SINCLAIR'S LATE STORE

NATIONAL BANK BUILDINGS, ST. JOHN ST.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, THE 23RD INSTANT.

THE PAINTINGS COMPRISES THE FOLLOWING :

Autumn, Lake Magog, 9 x 11.
Squaw, Winter, 9 x 11.
Indian, Winter, 9 x 11.
Autumn, Stream on the St. Maurice, Caribou, 13 x 18.
Sled, 13 x 18.
Derry's Bridge, Jacques Cartier, 9 x 13.
Winter Piece—Log House, Going to Market, 14 x 21.
Winter Piece, Returning from Market, 21 x 28.
Autumn, 9 x 13.
Lake Memphremagog,— Startled Caribous, 27 x 36
Sledge, Montmorenci, 13 x 18.
Squaw, Autumn, 9 x 11.
Interior—Group of Canadians, Girl making Straw Hats, etc., 23 x 19.

Salmon Spearing, 12 x 16.
Lumberers' Ferry, 11 x 18.
Game—Duck, Woodcock, etc., 20 x 25.
Red Sleigh, 9 x 13.
Winter, Mountains on the North Shore, below Quebec, 15 x 17.
Autumn, 15 x 17.
Sleigh, Montmorenci, 9 x 13.
Autumn, Indians, Canoe, Caribou, 27 x 34.
Autumn—Storm, 15 x 18.
Sunset—Winter, Indian File, 14 x 21.
Autumn—Indian with Caribou, 16 x 18.
Marine, 13 x 18.
Old Beggar, 9 x 11.
Canadian Woman, 9 x 11.
Canoe crossing through the ice, Quebec, 13 x 18.
Indian, 9 x 11.
Lake Laurent—Autumn, 14 x 21.
Falls of Ste. Anne, Autumn, 18 x 27.

SALE AT ONE O'CLOCK, PRECISELY.

After which

A COLLECTION OF PROOF ENGRAVINGS, CHROMO LITHOGRAPHS, ETC.

Mr. KRIEGHOFF being about to leave for Europe, this will be the last opportunity for obtaining works from his pencil.

TDE COLLECTION WILL BE ON VIEW ON MONDAY, FROM TEN A.M., TILL FOUR P.M.

A. J. MAXHAM & Co.,
Quebec, 15th December, 1862. A. & B.

In 1864, Krieghoff was induced to go to Chicago by his son-in-law, Count de Wendt, who had financial interests there. He found little to appeal to him artistically in the new home, and illness preyed upon him. Before the year closed he died suddenly at his desk, with a half finished letter written to his old friend, John S. Budden, of Quebec.

WITH CHRISTOPHER NORTH IN HIS SHOOTING JACKET

ENGLISH readers are, as a rule, more or less familiar with Christopher North's *Noctes Ambrosiana*. We venture to assert, however without much fear of contradiction that but few persons here have ever read his "Recreations"—a series of sketches that first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* some fifty years ago, charming and fascinating its readers, and since collected into a work, termed the "British Essayists," which continues to excite the admiration of the literary world and all lovers of the beautiful in nature. John Wilson, or as he is better known under his pseudonym of Christopher North, was one of that brilliant galaxy of writers, scientists and reviewers who at one time made Edinburgh the seat of learning in the British Empire. Wilson's genius and versatility of talents as displayed in his writings, and the beauty and originality of his style, render him justly deserving of the following beautiful and glowing tribute once paid to Burke :

"He was a writer of the most splendid and unequaled powers, the fascination and magic of whose

eloquence cannot be withstood. His impartial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from almost every scene of the creation and every walk of art. His images are so select, so rich with colors dipt in Heaven, that whoever can read his works without rapture may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretentions to taste and sensibility,"

Even in his sporting sketches he has infused a breeziness and freshness, such a boldness of treatment and liveliness of thought, so powerful a realistic effect, as to elevate them into the foremost rank of literary productions in the English language. His spirit is so infectious that we are irresistibly carried along with him in his somewhat erratic wanderings. Now it is over some moor that to our uneducated eyes at first appears bleak and cheerless and apparently lifeless, but which under his tutelage and keen perception for the picturesque we find possessed of hidden charms that require but his subtle power to unbosom and expose to our gaze. Meanwhile, he is busy with the dogs, and, as the birds are pointed and flushed, shooting right and lift, still keeping up a running fire of conversation and comment. Occasioually a bird is missed, but he is never disconcerted in the least, for, as he tell us, " We shoot like scholars, philosophers and gentlemen as we are, not like game-keepers or bagmen, holding with Aristotle that all virtue consists in a middle course ; and looking at us you have a sight

" 'Of him who walks by glory and by day,
Following his dogs upon the mountain side.' "

A man evidently not shooting for a wager, but blazing away at his own sweet will, and, without seeming to know it, making a great noise in the world.

It is noon, and we have thrown ourselves down upon a mossy bank beside a little tarn, and while resting our wearied limbs after the hard morning's tramp, our mind and soul are being refreshed by the outpouring of that gifted, tutored and exuberant mind. His discourse is of the moors, the dogs and shooting, the various game and its habits, reminiscences of early youth, of companions and friends famous in the world of letters, some pathetic tale of peasant life, philosophy, poetry, mythology ; all so happily blended that our interest never wanes, but rather intensifies. There is, perhaps, a vein of egotism in his composition, but so far from its being a detraction from his attractions seems to be the very soul of it. He is so humane. Only look at him for a minute, and liking becomes love—love becomes veneration.

Our space will not permit us to give many examples of his style, and those we do must necessarily be defective from their dismemberment from the whole, as the unity of a beautiful picture is destroyed if cut into sections.

Let us introduce him to our readers camped upon the moors, and though the day is just breaking, still shall we find him soliloquizing even at this early hour ; but—

"Ho, ho! gentlemen; so you have taken the precaution to sleep in your clothes. The sun, like Maga, is mounting higher and higher in heaven, so let us beseech you to breakfast and then off on the moors.

"Substantial breakfast! by Dugald Dhu, and by Donald Roy and by Hamish Bhan, heaped up like icebergs round the pole. How nobly stands in the centre that ten-gallons cask of Glenlivet! Proud is that round to court his shadle. That twenty-pound salmon lies beneath it even as yesterday he lay beneath the cliff, while a column of light falls from him on that grouse-pie. Is not that ham beautiful in the calm consciousness of his protection? That tongue mutely eloquent in his praise? Tap him with your knuckles, tenderly as if you loved him—and that with all your heart and soul you do—and is not the response firm as from the trunk of the gnarled oak? He is yet 'Virgin of Proserpind'—by jove he is! no wanton lip has ever touched his mouth so chaste; so knock out the bung and let us hear him gurgle."

"The camp beds tidily covered and arranged along their own department of the circle; quaint dresses hanging from loops; all the various appareling of hunter, shooter, fisher, and forester, rods, baskets and nets occupying their picturesque division; fowling-pieces, double and single, rejoicing through the oil-smooth brownness of their barrels in the exquisite workmanship of a Manton and a Lancaster; American rifles with their stocks more richly silver-chased

than you could have thought within reach of the arts in that young and prosperous land ; duck guns whose formidable and fatal length had in Lincolnshire often swept the fens ; and on each side of the door a brass cannonade on idle hours to awaken the echoes ; sitting erect on their hurdies deer-hound, grey-hound, lurches, pointer, setter, spaniel, and varmint, and though last not least, O'Bronte, watching Christopher with his steadfast eye, slightly raised his large hanging triangular ears, his Thessalian bull dewlaps betokening keen anxiety to be off and away on the mountains."

In the course of his wanderings on the moors during the day North meets a party of unlicensed shooters, and the Glenlivet having made him rather garrulous, he proceeds to deliver them a sermon on the primary physical wants of man and his subsequent advancement, and so interested does he become in his subject that he fails to observe that one by one the party have stolen away, leaving him alone with Hamish, his gillie, and his dumb friends the dogs—and they fast asleep. He concludes, however, in his usual happy manner :

" Often has it been our lot by our conversational powers to set the table on a snore. The more stirring the theme, the more soporific the sound of our silver voice. Look there, we beseech you ! In a small spot of stationary sunshine lie Hamish, Surefoot, O'Bronte, Ponto, Piro, and Basta, all sound asleep. Dogs are troubled sleepers, but these four are now like the dreamless dead. Horses, too, seem often to be

witch-ridden in their sleep. But at this moment Surefoot has stretched out more like a stone than a shelty in the land of the living. As for Hamish, were he to lie so braxy-like by himself on the hill he would be awakened by the bill of the raven digging into his sockets. We are Morpheus and Orpheus in one incarnation—of the very pink of poppy—the true spirit of opium—of laudanum the concentrated essence—of the black drop the gnome."

"Indeed, gentlemen, you have reason to be ashamed of yourselves—but where is the awkward squad? Clean gone. They have stolen a march on us, and while we have been preaching they have been poaching, sans mandate of Marquis or Monzies. We may catch them ere close of day, and if they have a smell of slaughter we shall crack their sconces with our crutch. No apologies, Hamish, 'tis only making matters worse, but we expected better things of the dogs. O'Bronte, fie! fie! sirrah. Tom sire would not have fallen asleep during a speech of ours—and such a speech! he would have sat it out without winking, at each more splendid passage testifying his delight by a yowl."

Dogs, horse, servants and poachers are we know unappreciative listeners; but never, Christopher! were we given to somnolence in thy company; and often has the night been far spent before we could tear ourself away from the magic charm of your voice You but make such an accusation only to excite our indignation and denial.

We shall not, however, continue further with him

upon the moors, but, in the comfort of an arm-chair, listen attentively to what he has to tell about birds ; for, as we have before remarked, he was a close observer of all animated nature, and he has recorded the results of his observations in so pleasant, readable a manner, as to render them at once interesting to the general reader, as well as to the student of ornithology ; and he never fails to inspire his reader with a desire for a more intimate acquaintance with the feathered songsters, and to instill habits of closer observation :

"How we come to love the birds of Bewick, and White, and the two Wilsons, and Montague, and Mudie, and Knapp, and Selby, and Swanson, and Audubon, and many others familiar with their haunts and habits, their affections and their passions, till we feel that they are indeed our fellow-creatures, and part of one wise and wonderful system ! If there be sermons in stones, what think ye of the hymns and psalms, matin and vesper of the lark that at heaven's gate sings—of the wren who pipes her thanksgiving as the slant sunbeam shoots athwart the mossy portal of the cave in whose fretted roof she builds her nest above the waterfall ! In cave roof ! Yea, we have seen it so—just beneath the cornice. But most frequently we have detected her procreant cradle on old mossy stump, mouldering walls or living rock—sometimes in cleft of yew-tree or hawthorn—for hang the globe with its imperceptible orifice in the sunshine or the storm, and St. Catherine sits within, heedless of the outer world,

counting her beads, with her sensitive breast that broods in bliss over the priceless pearls.

"Aye, the men we have named, and many other blameless idolators of nature, have worshiped her in a truly religious spirit, and have taught us their religion. All our great poets have loved the *minnesingers* of the woods—Thompson and Cowper and Wordsworth, as dearly as Spencer and Shakespeare and Milton. From the inarticulate language of the grove they have inhaled the enthusiasm that inspired some of the finest of their own immortal strains. "Lonely wanderer of nature" must every poet be; and though often self wrapt in his wanderings through a spiritual world of his own, yet as some fair flower silently asks his eye to look on it, some glad bird his ear solicits with a song, how intense is then his perception—his emotion how profound—while his spirit in thus appealed to, through all its human sensibilities, by the beauty and the joy perpetual even in the most solitary places!"

North is no admirer of those gentry who fill the journals with their anecdotage of animals, who, instead of teaching anything of value, only mislead the cursory reader and disgust the student; but when they begin about birds he boils over with rage, and thus vents his feelings:

"We can bear this libellous gossip least patiently of all with birds. If a ninny have some stories about a wonderful goose, let him out with them, and then waddle away with his fat friend into the stackyard, where they may take sweet counsel together in the

"fausse house." Let him, with open mouth and grozet eyes, say what he chooses of "Pretty Poll," as she clings in her cage by beak or claws to stick or wire, and in her naughty vocabulary let him hear the impasssioned eloquence of an Aspasia inspiring a Pericles. But unless his crown itch for our crutch, let him spare the linnet on the briery bush among the broom—the laverock on the dewy braird or in the rosy cloud—the swan on her shadow—the eagle in his eyrie, in the sun or at sea."

In the following extract there is so exquisitely poetical a treatment that it forms, in opinion, one of his most successful efforts in our pen-painting :

"Hark to the loud, clear, mellow, bold song of the black-bird ! There he flits along upon a strong wind, with his yellow bill visible in the distance, and disappears in the silent wood. Not long silent. It is a spring day in our imagination—his clay wall nest holds his mate at the foot of the silver fir, and he is now perched on a pinnacle. That thrilling hymn will go vibrating down the stem till it reaches her brooding breast. The whole vernal air is filled with the murmur and glitter of insects ; but the blackbird's song is over all other symptoms of love and life, and seems to call upon the leaves to unfold into happiness. It is on one tree-top conspicuous among many thousands on the fine breast of wood—here and there a pine, mingling not unmeetly with the prevailing oak—that the forest minstrel sits in his inspirations. The rock above is one which we have often climbed. There lies the glorious loch and all its islands—one

dearer than the rest to the eye and imagination, with its old religious house, year after year crumbling, unheeded, into more entire ruin. Far away a sea of mountains with all their billowing summits distinct in the sky, and now uncertain and changeful as the clouds. Yonder castle stands well on the peninsula among the trees which the herons inhabit Those coppice woods on the other shore, stealing up to the heathery rocks and sprinkled birches, are the haunts of the roe. That great glen that stretches sullenly away into the distant darkness has been for ages the birth and death-place of the red-deer. The cry of an eagle! There he hangs, poised in the sunlight, and now he flies off to the sea. But, again the song of the blackbirds rises "like a stream of rich distilled perfumes," and our heart comes back to him upon the pinnacle of his own home-tree. The source of song is yet in the happy creature's heart, but the song itself has subsided, like a rivulet that has been rejoicing in a sudden shower among the hills; the bird drops among the balmy branches, and the other faint songs, which that bold anthem had drowned, are heard at a distance, and seem to encroach every moment on the silence."

The further we advance with our author, the greater the difficulty we experience in selecting examples, as his passages are all beautifull alike, and equally challenge admiration. At random, listen to what he says about the "gray lintie."

"Methinks we hear the song of the gray lintie, the darling bird of Scotland. None other is more ten-

derly sung of in our old ballads. When the simple and fervent love poets of our pastoral times first applied to the maiden the words "my bonnie birdie," they must have been thinking of the gray lintie, its plumage ungaudy and soberly pure, its shape elegant yet unobtrusive, and its song various without any effort, now rich, gay, sprightly, but never rude nor riotous, now tender, almost mournful, but never gloomy or desponding. So, too, are all its habits, endearing and delightful. It is social, yet not averse to solitude, singing often in groups and as often by itself, in the furze brakes or on the briery knoll. You often find the lintie's nest in the most solitary places—in some small, self-sown clump of trees by the bank of a wild hill-stream; and just as often you find it in the hedge-room of the cottage garden, or in a bower within, or even on an old gooseberry bush that has grown into a sort of tree."

A tarn full of ducks must be rather an exciting sight, we must confess, and we can easily understand the enthusiasm of so ardent a sportsman as North would be likely to break out somewhere, especially after the first dozen birds have ben bagged.

"There goes our crutch, Hamish, whirling aloft in the sky a rainbow flight, even like the ten-pound hammer from the fling of George Scougal at the St. Ronan's games. Our gout is gone—so is our asthma, eke our rheumatism— and like an eagle we have renewed our youth. There is hop, step and jump for you, Hamish—we should not fear, young and agile as you are, buck, to give you a yard. But now for

the flappers. Pointers, all stir your stumps and into the water. This is rich. Why, the reeds are as full of flappers as of frogs. If the fools can flp, they don't know it. Why, there is a whole mousquito fleet of yellow boys not a month old! What a prolific old lady she must have been to have kept on breeding till July! By the creak and cry of the cradle of thy first-born, Hamish, spare the plummage on her yearning and quaking breast. The little yellow images have all melted away, and are now, in holy cunning of instinct, deep down beneath the waters, shifting for themselves among the very mud at the bottow of the reeds. By and by they will be floating with but the points of their bills above the surface, invisible among the air bells. The parent duck has also disappeared; the drake you disposed of, Hamish, as the coward was lifting up his lumbering body with fat doup and long neck in air to seek safer skies. We male creatures—drakes, ganders and men alike—what are we when affection pleads when in comparison with females! In our passions we are braye, but these satiated, we turn upon our heel and disappear from danger—like dastards. But doves and ducks and women are fearless in affection to the very death.

"Not the best practice this in the world for pointer and it may teach them bad habits upon the hill; but in some situations all dogs and men are alike, and cross them as you will, not a breed but shows a taint of original sin when under a temptation sufficiently strong to bring it out. But now we

shall cease our fire and leave the few flappers that are stil alive to their own meditatons. Our conduct for the last hour must seemed to them no less unaccountable than alarming, and something to quack over during the rest of the season."

What a vivid and realistic picture he presents to our gaze in his description of a sunset upon the mountains ! It is as finished as a landscape painting of a Turner or a Thompson :

"Call not these vapors waves : for movement there is none among the ledges, and ridges, and roads, and avenues, and galleries, and groves, and houses, and castles, and fairy palaces—all framed of mist. Far up among and above that wondrous region, through which you hear voices of waterfalls deepening the silence, behold hndreds of mountain tops—blue, purple, violet—for the sun is shining straight on some and aslant on others, and on those not at all : nor can the shepherd at your side, though he has lived among them all his life, till after pondering a long time, tell you the names of those most familiar to him ; for they seem to have all interchaged sites and altitudes, and Black Benhum himself, the eagle-breeder, looks so serenely in his rainbow that you might almost mistake him for Ben Loney or the Hill of Hinds.

"Have you not seen sunsets in which the mountains were embedded in masses of clouds all burning and blazing—yes, blazing—with unimaginable mixtures of all the colors that ever were born, intensifying into a glory that absolutely became as insupport-

able to the soul as insufferable to the eyes, and that left the eyes for hours after ye have retreated from the supernatural scene, even when shut, all filled with floating films of cross-lights, cutting the sky imagery into gorgeous fragments? And were not the mountains of such sunsets, whether they were of cloud or land, sufficiently vast for your utmost capacities and powers of delight and joy, longing to communicate with the region then felt to be in very truth Heaven? Nor could the spirit entranced, in admiration conceive at that moment any heaven beyond, while the senses themselves seemed to have had given them a revelation that as it was created could but be felt by an immortal spirit."

He is not without much of the dry humor peculiar to his country, as his account of the peculiarities and characteristics of Muckle-Mouthed Meg, as the old manse gun was affectionately called by her enthusiastic admirers, sufficiently shows. This venerable relic of the seven years' war had served to initiate several generations of boys into the sacred and mysterious order of sportsmen.

"The musket, who, as we have often since thought, must surely have been a blunderbuss in disguise, was a perfect devil for kicking when she received her discharge; so much so, indeed, that it was reckoned creditable for the smaller boys not to be knocked down by the recoil. She had a very wide mouth, and was thought by us 'an awful scatterer'; a qualification which was considered of the highest merit. She carried anything we choose to put in

her, there still being of all her performances a loud and favorable report—balls, buttons, chucky stones, slugs or hail. She had but two faults—she had got addicted, probably in early life, to burning, priming, and to another of hanging fire—habits of which it was impossible, for us at least, to break her by the most assiduous hammering of many a new series of flints; but such was the high place she justly occupied in the affection and admiration of us all that faults like these did not in the least detract from her general character. Our delight when she did absolutely, positively and *bonâ-fide* go off was in proportion to the comparative rarity of that occurrence, and as to hanging fire, why, we used to let her take her own time, contriving to keep her at the level as long as our strength sufficed, eyes shut, teeth set, face grinning, and head slightly averted over the right shoulder. Muckle-Mouthed Meg, like other Scottish females, took things leisurely, and went off at last with an explosion like the blowing up of a rock."

With what tenacity the sportsman of the old school clung to the old-accepted theories, and decried all innovations as inventions of the devil, designed only to mislead and delude the innocent and inexperienced! We find North uttering this forcible protest against the percussion gun:

"Till sixty we used a single barrel; at seventy we took a double-barrel, but dang all detonators, we stick to the flint. 'Flint,' says Col. Hawker, 'shoots strongest into a bird.' A percussion gun

is quicker, but flint is fast enough, and it does indeed argue rather a confusion of ideas to find fault with lightning for being too slow. With respect to the flash in the pan, it is but a fair warning to the birds—ducks, for example, to dive if they can and get out of the way of mischief. It is giving birds a chance for their lives, and it is not ungenerous to grant it."

When old age and gout sadly bring him to a realizing sense of his growing infirmities, we find him more frequently sitting beside some loch or stream, Lascelle in hand, or recalling the happy days of his youth when bold and daring, and fleet of foot as the antelope upon the hills ; now, alas ! dim and withered as a stalk from which the winter winds have blown all the blossoms.

> "O Heaven, that from our bright and shining years
> Age would but take the things youth needed not."

But the old spirit is still strong within him, and the rise of a large fish in the pool sets all his blood tingling ; and forgetful of Lascelle, gout and all else, he despatches Hamish, his faithful servitor, for his rod, and the succeeding half-hour is best told in his own words :

"We are in a bloody mood, and shall not leave this pool without twenty mortal murders upon our hands. Jump away, Trouts—without any bowels of compassion for the race of flies. Devouring ephemerals ! Cannot you suffer the poor insects to sport out their day ? They must be insipid

LAKE TROUT.

eating ; but here are some savory exceedingly—it is needless to mention their name—that carry *sauce piquante* in their tails. Do try the taste of this bobber—but any of the three you please. There ! hold fast, Kirby, for that is a whopper. *A mort !* we did not suppose there were any in the river. Why, he springs as if he were a Fish ? Go it again, my beauty. We ourselves could jump a bit in our day —nearly four times our own length—but we never could clear our own height, nor within half a foot of it ; while you, our Hearty, though not two feet long, certainly do the perpendicular to the tune of four—from tail-fin to water-surface—your snout being six nearer to the sky than the foam bells you break in your descent into your native element. Feeble now as the dying gladiator, the arena swims around him, and he around the arena, 'till sailing with snout shoreward at sea in his own pool he absolutely rolls in convulsions in between our very feet, and we, unprepared for such a procedure, hastily retreating, discover that our joints are not as supple as of yore, and play cloit on our back among the gowans. O'Bronte tooths him by the cerebellum and carries him up-brae in his mouth like a mawkin. About six pounds.

" We shall be made to pay for this yet—whew ! there was a twinge ; that big toe of ours we'll warrant is as red as fire, and we bitterly confess we deserve the gout. Och ! och ! och ! "

"CANOODLING VERSUS CANOEING"

HE was a pretty young thing of not over twenty. Her dress was the simple one of the healthy outdoor girl and as she disdained a hat her rosy cheeks were deepened by a good coat of tan. Somehow I didn't feel at all shy in her presence and we soon chummed up on the common ground of canoeing. She liked a canoe and she frankly stated that she was satisfied, she could handle anything in that line that would float. "But, added she, "I am not going in so much for canoeing this summer as canoodling. It is great when you understand it. Do you canoodle, Mr. Scribe? Oh, I forgot, though, you are married, and I don't suppose married ladies care to have their husbands go canoodling."

"But, my dear Miss America," I exclaimed, "I really don't know what you mean by canoodling."

"Of course not, you poor old thing," replied my vivacious young friend, "how could you. I've only lately introduced it on the Lake. It's my own invention and I may take out a patent on it. Pa takes out a patent on all his inventions and then sells out to some Trust. I am helping blow in some of the

last ten thousand he made on his 'gas adjustor.' I guess I've got some of pa's talent, only I'm a woman and have to 'hold myself in,' as pa says, but I tell you when I get into Canada and catch a few whiffs of good old ozone from these mountains why I just have to let myself out a little and go to inventing things.

"It didn't take me long after I got here to see that the girls were likely to go to waste unless something was done. The men when they came out from town paired off and went a-fishing and they'd get back after dark smelling awfully of Scotch and too tired, poor fellows, to make themselves agreeable to us girls.

So I thought it all out and then I called a meeting of the girls behind closed doors. I appointed myself 'chairman' before laying my scheme before the others. It kind of took their breath away at first, but when they caught on they were the most enthusiastic crowd you ever saw. We at once proceeded to organize the 'Canoodling Club,' patent applied for. The only qualification for membership was the ability to paddle a canoe. By Saturday noon we were ready to commence proceedings. We took the hotel management into our confidence, and the manager grinned his approval. We hired every boat and canoe for two days. When the train arrived at 3 p.m., every girl, with her canoeing dress on, was drawn up in line on the platform, paddle in hand. Canoe, sir? Canoe, sir? without a smile on the face of a girl or any look of recognition. The men grinned and looked sheepish and all of them passed into the hotel office where I stood waiting for further developments."

"Got a canoe for me and Jim?" said young Mr. Quebec to the manager.

"Really, sir, I do not know," replied our accomplice, "I must refer you to Miss America, who has that matter in charge."

Mr. Quebec turned to me with a "Oh! how-de-do, Miss America, I don't think I quite understand?"

"Nothing so simple, Mr. Quebec," I replied in my sweetest tones, "the Canoodling Club of which I have the honor to be manager has hired all the canoes for the week end, but we will be charmed to let you singly have a canoe. By our rules you will have to take a lady member of the club as your canoeman, but for this we make no extra charge."

"Oh, I say now, Miss America, what's the joke?" replied the puzzled Mr. Quebec.

"Joke, Mr. Quebec? It's as serious a proposition as you were ever up against. Do you wish a canoe? If so, I'll call Miss Township to take down your fishing kit."

"I'd kind of fixed it so that the right girl got the right man."

"Mr. Quebec made up his mind to engage a canoe, and the other men soon fell into line when they too saw there was no help for it. Inside of an hour every canoe was off, and every girl had received her final instructions that her canoe and its passenger were to be back for dinner at 8 p.m. sharp, as dancing commenced at nine. Well, everything worked to a charm except as to the fishing and numbers of fish caught. The girls said it was all the fault of the men, that

there were no trout for breakfast, for notwithstanding that they had been guided to the best fishing grounds they preferred to loll in the bottom of the canoes and smoke and talk rot about the scenery, but no matter they made amends later on at the dance.

Before the men left for town on the Monday morning every canoe was engaged for the week end, and the Canoodling Club was a success. We organized pienics and 'camping outs' with old lady chaperones, and half a dozen of the girls have confidentially told me that their angling fares had proposed and been accepted, but this of course was no part of my programme when I organized the "Canoodling Club."

Yes, I'm coming again next year to attend the weddings and again to manage our club."

TREASURES TROVE

PART I

IN a modest way I have been a collector of Canadian coins, old Canadian prints, maps, books, curios, etc., because of the delight I have always felt in all things that have any relation to the times of long ago in our Province of Quebec, and not because of the mere collector's craze to fill out a list or catalogue. I don't care a rap that I am lacking many numbers. I joy in whatever comes to my creel and I trust to the chance of fate that fills it, and if it is sometimes partially empty, I do not repine, but look for better days. Curious odds and ends have come my way by merest accident, and I am pleased in their possession because of relation to something that has a story attached. When my good friend Cyrille Tessier presented me with a string of various makes of wampum, it was the retelling to me a period of my youth that lent to the gift a charm beyond price. When a mere boy I lived in one of the wildest sections of mountainous Northern New Jersey. Game and fish were abundant and I became a hunter and fisherman in the off hours from a pretty strenuous school life. One wild boisterous

OLD CHATEU ST. LOUIS.

trout stream had a peculiar fascination for me. Near the close of its mad hill tumbling, but before it emptied into the bigger river, stood an old-fashioned water wheel mill. I ended my fishing in the small mill pond, and if good fortune had smiled upon me, I would venture into the mill and make peace offering to its proprietor in the form of a mess of trout, whereupon he would graciously permit me the run of the establishment even to the trying of my prentice hand on making wampum. His name was Campbell and he had been many years with the Hudson's Bay Company on the Northwest coast, where wampum ruled as the circulating medium. He learned the Indians's crude way of making it, and then he left the company's service and came to the East to engage in its manufacture because of the greater facility in securing the shells necessary for the various sorts used by the Indians in barter and for decoration. Work was never so pressing that he couldn't take time for a long smoke while he told me of his adventures as trapper, hunter, trader and adventurer in the untrodden wilderness. I was an attentive and appreciative listener, and the old man's smoke ended he would say : " Now youngster I am going to start the wheel—and if you would like to run that borer, go ahead." I did very often run the horer and the polisher and several other small machines until at last I could turn out a crude piece of wampum. I am quite convinced therefore that Mr. Tessier's gift contains some of my own handiwork, At least I am going to think so, and say so until in time it will

become a fixed fact in my mind. And who will dare contradict me ?

A country neighbor, a dear old fellow of some eighty odd years with a long memory of the times of his youth, and of whom I am never tired of listening to as he discourses, once brought me a Christmas offering that tickled me exceedingly. It was a very rusty tin lanthorn such as our grandfathers used, full of little punctured holes to emit light from a weak tallow dip inside. How our forefathers must have groped about in the half dark. And this leads me to speak of an old flint and steel that came to me with a history most interesting but far too lengthy for this article. It also recalls a curious custom that prevailed in our back country districts at the period of my youth, which it may not be uninteresting to relate. Matches were then scarce, and locks on doors unknown outside the cities. A traveller on the roads by night in winter weather whenever he wanted to warm himself or light his pipe, entered the nearest house by simply lifting the latch of the door and entering. On the top of the three-decker stove was a small pair of tongs with which he could extract a coal from the fire for his pipe. Then warming himself he would depart his way without disturbing the inmates and with no thought of leaving a card. If the bon-homme of the house awakened at the intrusion of a midnight caller he got out of bed for the pleasure of a smoke with the visitor and the exchange of gossip. I have several of these old pipe tongs given me at different times by some old ba-

bitant friend who knew my penchant for such things. I delight to use one at my open fire of a night when storms howl without. The coal of fire from a birch log is certain to recall memories of long ago days which I proceed to retell to the family circle for the hundreth time. As a rule how patient the family is with our twice told tales, but I fear oft'times we try our friends. I say we because I am not the sole offender in the universe.

Once, when having to pass the night in a settlers log house on the outskirts of civilization, the good wife of the rude homestead served my *grillade* on a most beautiful plate of Crown Derby. Enquiry on my part brought the information that my hostess' mother had brought a half dozen such plates from England with her, and at her death the sons and daughters each took one. I was heartless enough to propose an exchange for a dozen plain delf, and my offer was accepted then and there. I haven't succeeded in locating the remaining five plates although I made search. They are perhaps on the " dump " of the smashed and cast aways. My Gipsy jug, a large one in putty color, made by Jones and Walley, Cobridge, England, July, 1st, 1842, I picked up on the beach at Cap Rouge with a broken handle, but the handle was found near by and the jug restored by the deft hand of Cote is a joy to me as it supplements another jug by the same makers, called the Marriage of Miles Standish, but in grey blue.

Has any one of my readers ever seen what is known as the Quebec plate ? It is in the blue ware and

made in the early part of the 19' century by one of the firms of English potters. It is extremely rare. The print is a view of Quebec. I have seen the engraving of this plate, but have never stumbled across the plate itself. From 1815 to 1825 there were a great many American subjects on table and other ware. Our local pottery at Cap Rouge, long since torn down, turned out some rude delf with relief designs. One little yellow jug in my possession, bears on its side a Crusader riding tilt. On the bottom, also in relief, are the words Cap Rouge Pottery—no date. Another and larger jug has a beaver for its decoration. The forms of both these jugs are very good. It was only after some ten years of search that I secured these two specimens.

A very short time ago, by the investment of an quarter, I secured the three first volumes of "Maple Leaves," by Sir Jas. M. LeMoine. Booksellers would have asked somewhere in the neighborhood of $20 for this lot, but it was not so much my bargain that pleased me, as the fact that these three volumes completed my set of this series.

I once came into possession of the first volume of Bartlett's beautifully illustrated work, "Syria and the Holy Land," and there the matter stood for several years when a near relative returned from England, and presented me with the second vol., which she had picked up in a farm house down in Kent, and the people told her that they had never had the first volume.

Rare and valuable books are ruthlessly destroyed

QUEBEC FROM POINT LEVIS.—After Print from Herriot.

by print dealers for the sake of the engravings for print collecting is quite a fad now-a-days, and when I say print I mean to include the steel engraving, the lithograph, the wood cut and colored lithograph. The foundation of my Canadian collection was a purchase some twenty-five years ago from a little old gentleman living in a New England village that I had occasion to visit several times. This lot had some good and rare prints in it, so I went on collecting others as they came my way. The prints of Quebec from Charlevoix. Le Hontan and others of the early travellers in the New World, are most curious. Then there is an interesting series about 1759-63, from the English magazines of that period, besides the Shortt and Smith sets of large prints—woodcuts. In the early part of the 19th century Herriot, Lambert, Bouchette and other supply a good many from their books of travel. It may be news to some collectors to know that Herriot's publishers issued 100 copies each of the principal engravings in the book done on heavy woodcut paper. Sir Jas. M. LeMoine has two of these and I have another. Mine shows Quebec from Point Levis. Later several engravers settled in Quebec—notably Smilie and A. Bourne, A few of their Quebec engravings are most interesting. That of the Tandem Club Drive swinging around the Place d'Armes after a drawing by W. Wallace is capital.

Next in 1840 came Bartlett's sumptuous work, "Canadian Scenery," in two quarto volumes with their hundreds of finely executed steel engravings.

Col. Cockburn's Quebec series of color lithographs, by Sarony & Co., New York, are valuable and interesting because of their truth to the points of view. Coke Smyth is responsible for a large bound folio of 23 lithographs of Canadian Scenery. Several of these pertain to Quebec and vicinity. It was published in London. "Recollections of Canada" is an oblong quarto of amusing sketches of Quebec and its life also of the work at the Levis Fortifications. It was published in London in 1873. The artist and writer were Lieut. Carlile, R.A., and Lieut.-Col. Martindal, C.B.

"Picturesque Canada," edited by Principal Grant of Queen's University, a large quarto work published in parts by subscription, contains many Quebec views of considerable interest.

Since these publications photo engraving has materially lessened the cost of illustration and a host of Quebec Illustrateds" have appeared of varying value for the moment, but in the future who knows but what they may possess a wondrous charm to our descendants.

I have rambled somewhat too long perhaps about the prints, and the illustrated books about Quebec, but in extenuation of my garrulity on the subject I know the very general interest in such things, for there is scarcely a household that does not contain some framed pictures of local scenes and places. As all is fish that comes to my net in old things, I am going to speak of about 100 ancient wood cuts of the principal events in English history down to about

1500 A.D. The artist had the crudest ideas of draw ng and perspective, but his imagination ran riot, and the results are wildly weird. I gathered in this set of prints, mixed in with a lot of rubbish, at a sale in Quebec. At another sale I became the owner of about sixty wood cuts, colored by hand, of old London and Paris. They are particularly interesting though crudely colored. Mrs. W. Macpherson and Major A. E. Doucet also possess a similar set. If it is not out of place here I might mention Mrs. Macpherson, Sir Jas. M. LeMoine, Col. Neilson, Cyrille Tessier, Herbert M. Price and Phileas Gagnon as enthusiastic collectors of Quebec and other prints.

Coins and medals have a lessened number of devotees. I have never seriously enlisted in their ranks, but I can quite understand their devotion to the quest and its great teaching of history. A coin collector is an historian. Epochs, reigns, dynasties and all sorts of other knowledge must be his or he fails dismally, therefore I dropped out of the long distance running as quite beyond my powers, but I have taken a " flyer " into Canadian coins in a short distance race. I haven't won any particular prizes, although upon one occasion I narrowly escaped becoming the high priest of Canadian numismatists. The story, at least, is interesting as to the coin, not so much my share in its escape from me, for there I made a mistake.

It happened in this wise. While living in New York an acquaintance (an old man) came into my office and offered to sell me his collection of Canadian coins. " Very good," said I, " I'll buy it."

"But," said he, "there is one coin I think is valuable and I would like to reserve it until I know more about it."

"Just as you please," I replied, for I really gave the matter very little thought.

We agreed as to price of the lot with the one exception, and I quite forgot about that until a few weeks later when the old man came in and chucklingly said that he had just disposed of this coin to a dealer for $75.

I rushed to the dealer. He had just disposed of it for $100 to a collector in Vermont. I never had any other satisfaction than that of describing it in the Numismatic Journal of Montreal. It was the Gloriam Regni of 15 sols struck under Louis XIV., for circulation in French America, which included Louisiana and the West Indies. At the time of which I speak only one or two specimens were known to collectors. Since then a couple of them have turned up. My old acquaintance had become possessed of this by purchase at about its face value from a sailor on a potato schooner hailing from Nova Scotia. One summer I passed a couple of months with a country curé to try to learn some French. If I didn't acquire a good smattering of it, as I should, it wasn't the good cure's fault, but my own stupidity. I did, however, acquire a fine collection of copper coins that I sorted out from the Sunday collection in the church. I also found in my calls around the parish with the *curé*, several pieces of old China, some ancient powder horns and other odds and ends of a curious character.

My *ceinture fleché* was the gift of an old friend. It once belonged to C. Krieghoff, the artist. A few poor imitations are yet made, but the art of the genuine thing is extinct. Mr. Simeon Lesage informs me that when he was a boy a few old women still made them in his native parish of l'Assomption. The design and coloring in some of these sashes are beautiful.

TREASURES TROVE

PART II

AM frequently asked whether I am ever humbugged by spurious articles that are offered for sale as originals. In reply I would say that it not infrequently happens. All collectors, big or little are imposed upon and even the expert specialists are often at fault.

The story is told that for years the students in the National Academy were set to copy a Van Dyke. Finally it required some restoring and the expert to whom it was entrusted discovered that another painting underlaid it. Some careful work disclosed a very modern portrait of King George the IV. The copying of ancient Roman cameos in Germany has been carried to such a degree of perfection that their very perfection has at times led to discovery. There are clever artists on the Continent who devote a lifetime to painting replicas of one great masterpiece or in copying the paintings of some master. Their work is wonderful in its truth to the originals. When such paintings fall into the hands of unscrupulous dealers, innocent and confiding buyers are prett

certain to be badly sold although they often remain in happy ignorance of the fact and continue to the end to point with pride to their Bottocelli.

Nothing is too unimportant to imitate if there is any money in it. I am a frequent victim of fake antiques because perhaps of a want of sufficient expert knowledge to detect the imposition. Last summer my brother-in-law from New York paid me a visit. One morning he returned to the house in great good humor, because of a wonderful find he had made in St. Roch of a piece of old brass. He undid his parcel and sure enough there lay a most delightful thing—a small holy water receptacle. I admired it, congratulated him upon his purchase, and asked him whether he would permit me to make a plaster mould from it, that I would like to have a replica cast from it for myself. "Do what you like with it," said he.

I spent a whole day in my work-shop preparing a carefully finished mould. The next day I took it to a brass worker and with great pride I exhibited it to him. He looked at me somewhat quizzically and said: "Very nicely done, Sir, what is it you wish?" "Well," I replied, "I want you to cast and finish one example for me."

"You consider the design good then?" he answered.

"One of the most interesting I ever saw," said I.

"I'm so glad you think so," he replied, "for I found the original some years ago and I have made a couple of dozen replicas of it," and stepping over to a cupboard he handed me out two unfinished specimens.

We both enjoyed a good laugh and then talked the whole matter over. In the dull season he filled in time by making candle sticks, door knockers and other odds and ends likely to sell to visitors to the city. He selected his patterns with care and his products were in demand. When last in New York I saw hanging by a string ohtside the door of a second-hand shop a most interesting " Toby " with the three cornered hat and all the other accessories of the old timer to most minute particular—except as to the crack and the chip. I went into the shop however and enquired the price—$12.00, but if I would make some other purchases a reduction might be made. I declined the bargain. I hadn't gone far before in a window I saw a replica of the " Toby " I had first been bargaining for. The price was $12,—but I could get a reduction if I made other purchases. I took the proprietor of this shop into my confidence and he gave me his. There was a demand for Toby's just then and he and my other friend had sent an old one to England and had had it copied exactly as the original, but added the man : " It did not pay as it cost too much." As a matter of fact the replicas were better executed than the originals, but as the sale was limited even the price asked did not cover the outlay.

Reproductions of old china ware in colonial designs have been frequent. To give these examples the proper appearance of age and wear—they are burned in a hot oven to crackle the glaze with perhaps a small chip. It is very deceptive to all except the expert.

During what might be called the china craze period and the old colonial, an immensity of rubbish was offered for sale and greedily bought by the innocent and ignorant public. It was only necessary to ask a big price and the thing was sold with no thought by the buyer of what the purchase implied. Men scoured the country districts for stuff, and stuff as a rule it was, but it all went into the capacious maw of those people who were bent on cabinets and colonial homes. The "God Bless our Home" signs were taken down and replaced with shelves on which reposed any old rubbish from the discard heaps. We were told that all this meant an enlightened refinement. In my opinion it meant no more than an ignorant fad of very doubtful educational value.

Old mahogany is now the craze. The scramble for it is just as unreasoning as it was for old china, because as a rule it has no intelligent action behind it. Old mahogany merely means a great deal of unfit furniture for our modern houses. Not long since I saw a fourteen feet mahogany hall settee that it's proud owner had tried to force into a twelve feet room. Two feet of the settee's length was jabbed into a door-way. Its accompaniments in the room were a wicker rocker, a cheap black walnut armchair, a painted centre table with a chenille cover and some other odds and ends—articles of virtu they are called —my printer will make it virtue. Unless we are among the elect in wealth and good taste, we are apt to be more or less incongruous in our household appointments, a jumbling together of the good, bad

and indifferent, not always from want of knowledge but from want of means.

Quebec is still rich in good old mahogany and there are some who know just the right thing to pick up when chance offers. One little lady, by taking her time, has completely furnished two rooms in her house with delightful forms of old mahogony, and evcrything else about the rooms is in keeping. The effect is delightful.

There arc a number of homes in Quebec that are charming types of the best old houses of a century ago where wealth and refinement reigned, and where they still reign in no uncertain ancient dignity and pride of family. I love these homes and their inmates because of the latter's simple unpretentious pride and because time has worked no change in their personal environment. To be born in a house and live out one's life in it, is, at least on this continent, something to be proud of. As a legacy from an old friend (she was very old) I received a spindle-legged hair cloth covered mahogany arm chair. I had often sat in it and admired it, and I had as often heard its history from the old lady. On her mother's side she was descended from the *ancien noblesse* who at one period in the history of Canada held conspicuous place in colonial affairs, but when the change in the destiny of the country came the head of the family choose to return to France to live out his declining days, but before his departure he divided among those of his children, who remained to chance their future under the new regime, all his household effects. Among

these effects was this chair in which she was pleased to think had sat all the grandees of the olden times. It doesn't carry their signatures, but I am ready to believe the story for it is comfortable and shapely and even to-day it attracts my more or less pretentious callers to try its ease. A mahogany tea caddy of quaint design was given me by an old cousin whose proud boast it was that out of its precious stores of China tea our very greatest grandmother had once brewed two cups of fragrant Souchong for the Duke of Kent and the beautiful Madame de St. Laurent when the gallant Duke was stationed in Quebec about 1794. The cups and saucers pertaining to this féte are missing, but I have a cup and saucer which Geo. Washington was reputed to have once used. I never vouch for these things, I only tell what has been told to me, but I like to believe that there is some truth in them. At all events these various bits are interesting and curious. The Washington cup and saucer I purchased at a divisional sale of old family effects at Tappan, New Jersey, on this estate Major Andre, the unfortunate young British officer was hung as a spy for trying to communicate with Gen. Arnold at West Point. Arnold, the traitor to his country, escaped to England. He is the Arnold who laid siege to Quebec in 1775-76. Cyrus Field of Atlantic cable fame erected a monument on the spot where Major Andre was executed, but some American youths burning with red hot American patriotism, blew it to pieces one dark night. This act of vandalism was, I am glad to say, universally condemned. I visited

the scene the day following and secured several pieces of the monument bearing bits of the inscription, but they were, in time, all begged from me.

Of the old 60th Rifles, the Royal Americans, I have a number of souvenirs—a complete uniform of an officer, also the sword and sabre-tache. They were gallantly worn by its original owner, the great grandfather of my children, for it is of record that he carried more medals than any other man in the British Army for the number of battles engaged in—some eighteen in all. He retired full of bullets and glory and lived out his days of retirement at Valcartier surrounded by many of his own scarred soldiers. In 1837—rebellion days—he was deputed to bring British troops from Halifax to Quebec in mid-winter overland on the military road he had been instrumental in previously constructing.

From him I also now possess a mortar and pestle carved from the Rock of Gibraltar, also a tea service looted in Spain by his Colonel and later presented to his wife. It is however of English make, but none the less interesting.

Some years ago my neighbor in ploughing a new field at Cap Rouge turned up several cannon balls, parts of swords, etc. What a romance to be deduced were I imaginative, for I now possess them. To be prosaic however, and in the light of history I know these shots to have been fired by Saunder's fleet at the de Bougainville forces parading the heights to prevent a landing of Wolfe's forces, but as to the swords I am not too sure, perhaps a soldier killed here and there and hastily buried in full uniform.

I utterly fail to comprehend how it is that our population remains so indifferent, so inert at this moment when it is proposed to endow it with its great crown of glory for the past of which it ought to be so justly proud and exultant. Surely it is not going to be proclaimed to the world that Quebec is not in sympathy with its history and traditions.

VISIT TO THE DOMINION ARSENAL

HOW few are aware of the fact that the Dominion arsenal for the manufacture of ammunition for big and little guns is situated in Quebec and is a very beehive of industrial activity, giving employment to four hundred skilled workmen and a large staff of scientific experts. Its products are not advertised in the public press altbough they frequently give a noisy account of themselves at military camp manœuvres, and have a destructive force in war times of no mean value. The buildings used for their manufacture were in part formerly occupied as barracks by the Royal Artillery when tbat arm of the Imperial service was stationed in Quebec. Other and more modern buildings have been added until the entire group now forms an imposing manufacturing plant containing the most modern machinery for the special work carried on. Military scientific experts in ammunition products are agreed that the output from the Quebcc arsenal is of tbe highest standard. The arsenal is situated in Artillery Park, beginning in the top of Palace Hill and running west to the foot of Angele street. Some six or seven large buildings are occupied, so that in point of floor

LOWER TOWN FROM THE RAMPARTS.—Old Print.

area it remains the largest plant in Quebec. It is all under the able superintendency of Lieut.-Col. F. Gaudet, an enthusiastic expert in everything that pertains to modern ammunition for all arms of the service.

Lieut.-Col. Gaudet has studied cartridge and shell manufacture in every important arsenal in this continent and abroad. Of a receptive and original mind he has been quick to seize the cleverest devices and inventions in machinery that would contribute to the turning out of a more perfect cartridge or shell. Besides adaptation Col. Gaudet has had machines built after his own ideas that perform work that in the English arsenals is done by hand, also other machines that automatically perform three or four operations on a shrapnel shell without once releasing the latter until all their work is done. The Colonel is a firm believer in being in the advance rank in all modern appliances that tend to cheapen cost of production whilst raising the standard of efficiency. "This can only be accomplished with the use of the most perfect machinery with brains behind it. Col. Gaudet's assistant, Major de Lotbinière Panet, is another highly trained expert. The laboratory is in charge of that able analytical chemist, Prof. A. E. McIntyre.

Upon our visit to the arsenal we found Col. Gaudet, figuratively speaking, up to his chin in ammunition, but he disentangled himself to welcome us and kindly offered to be our cicerone in our tour through the works. Before we left the office the Colonel lighted —no dear reader, not a cigar—merely some strands

of cordite to show us how harmless this fearful explosive is when it is merely played with. We should have been quite ready to accept the Colonel's word as to the innocence of cordite of unintentional harm.

"It takes about seventy processes to complete a cartridge," said the Colonel, "and we will begin our tour at the beginning, which are the furnaces where we mix, melt, and mould our alloys of pig metals into bars for the rolling mills. To make brass it takes 30 per cent of zinc to about 70 per cent of copper, varying either metal in percentage as necessary for special quality of product."

Every few moments a furnace door was opened and a flaming crucible of molten metal was deftly seized by a couple of swarthy faced workmen using tongs, carried to the upright molds which were quickly filled, allowed to solidify sufficiently for an immersion in a water bath for the final hardening and cooling. It now goes to the rolling mills where it is squeezed into any required thickness between two revolving steel rollers, the upper one under pressure. At one or two stages of the rolling process the brass bar goes to an annealing furnace where it is subjected to a heat of between six and seven hundred degrees, which closes any flaws in the metal that may have existed.

If the brass is intended for caps for the gun cartridge it is rolled very thin and cut into narrow bands and then coiled. If intended for the cartridge case it is run out in flat bars of a certain width and thickness.

The reader of this chapter who has ever seen an empty rifle cartridge knows that it is a tapering round

brass shell of certain length with a partially closed head into which a cap has been fitted. The majority of people think that this shell is cast. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is in fact literally punched or stamped out of a comparatively thin strip of brass, and it is this process that we are now about to describe.

To a powerfully constructed machine the brass strip is fed and a punch cuts out and a stamp or die squeezes it into what looks like a miniature cup without a handle. Hundreds of these cups are punched from each strip of brass. When several bushels of them have been collected they are taken to a furnace room, dumped into a steel barrel that is then closed, pushed into the furnace and revolved. This is an annealing process through which the shell must go after every stamping, but before it goes back to the stamps it must be repolished. This is accomplished by throwing a few bushels into a barrel set at an angle and revolved. A weak solution of sulphuric acid and hot water is added. In a very few minutes the shell is turned out as bright as a new dollar.

Again it goes to a die and stamp and again it is elongated and narrowed, and this operation is repeated several times. Then the shell is rimmed by another machine—the cap head is sunken by yet another die and stamp—a point is projected upon which to explode the cap, and two minute holes are punched to carry the flash of the cap explosion to the cordite charge. A trimmer cuts each shell to an exact length and a tapering machine completes the shell which is

now ready to be loaded at the loading factory on the cove fields. About one million of these shells are turned out in a working month.

The bullets used in the rifle cartridges are also made in the arsenal and as the process is new and interesting it will bear describing. A few hundred lbs. of lead are melted, drawn into another tank with a gauged pipe at the bottom cooled by water. By pressure the lead is forced through this pipe and comes out at the other end a solid roping. This rope is wound on a reel.

From the reel it is automatically fed to a machine of die and stamp, and they pour out a continuous string still attached to one another by a ligament of roping. To rid them of these attachments and smooth them they are thrown into a rapidly revolved closed metal barrel. By mere attrition they soon become a highly polished detached bullet. In the meantime in another department some clever machines have been stamping out the nickel casings for the bullets. Boys drop the bullets into the cases. A machine clamps them together. They are now ready for the shell.

The cap, which is really a most minute affair, is also stamped out of a thin brass sheet in much the same manner that the shell is done.

Such in a very sketchy and imperfect way we have described the making of a cartridge shell and its accompaniments of bullet and cap. It would hardly satisfy the technician, but we have only written for the lay mind and have tried not to confuse it. We

have related as simply as possible the main proeesses. If we havo made ourselves understood it is as mueh as we ean ask.

The manufacture of 12 lbs. shrapnel shell for tho field guns is earried on at the arsenal with a full equipment of up-to-date maehinery. Some of it was only reeently perfected from ideas supplied by Col. Gaudet and in use in no other arsenal as yet. All tho maehinery used for shrapnal shells is heavy and powerful from the hydraulie presses of from 150 to 200 tons power to the lathes, reamers, borers, ete. The shell is made from a solid bar of forged steel whieh in the various proeesses of manufaeture is hollowed out to reeeive a time fuse, a ease for the eordit to explode the shell, and a ehamber for the ease of small bullets. It is hermetieally sealed by pouring melted rosin into a small aperture.

There is a large wood-working department where all the ammunition eases are manufactured. There is also a maehine shop with a large eorps of trained machinists for the repair of tools and maehinery. The boiler and engine rooms are models of their kind.

There is a testing room for all the various ammunition where the tensile strength of the shell is determined by variously ingeniously eontrived maehines. There is also a bullet test and a speed test and other tests that we fear we have forgotten. A Maxim gun and a Colt gun are used and rapid firing into a water tank, and at a target, determine all sorts of questions as to quality of everything. We must not forget that every eartridge bears date of manufaeture stamped

into it. Every batcb of metal used on that date has been chemically assayed, and other registers kept of all tbe stages of manufacture. If anything should by any possibility go wrong with a cartridge or shell a tracer can be at once set going to determine the source of trouble. Infinite care is therefore the watchword throughout the arsenal—mistakes are inexcusable.

Our visit was brougbt to a delightful close by a tour of the well-kept grounds attached to the arsenal. The perfume of lilacs and plum blossoms filled tbe air and the melody of wild birds mixed with the distant hum of machinery. We drank a cup of tea with the charming chatelaine, the hostess of the delightful old house that serves as the residence of Col. Gaudet. A merry crowd of young people were playing tennis on the lawn as we closed the gate behind us and found ourelves once more in the city street.

The arsenal in Quebec is thc only one in the Dominion. It is the largest manufacturing plant in the city. The main building alone is some 600 feet in lcngtb and from two to threc stories high, but there are a considerahle number of other buildings for tbe different processes. The rifle cartridge manufactured is tbe regulation decimal .303.

ICE BREAKERS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

HE earlier opening of the lower St. Lawrence river and the later closing of that artery of marine commerce has engaged the attention of the large shipping interests of the Dominion of Canada for some years past. If navigation of the river could be maintained for two weeks later in the fall and opened two weeks earlier in the spring it meant a clear gain of one month which in these days of steamers and close figuring on ocean freights is one of considerable magnitude. Between the ports of Montreal and Quebec, however, there are physical conditions that render the solution of this problem one of no ordinary difficulty. Ninety miles below Montreal the river expands into a considerable body of water known as Lake St. Peter. Except for the steamer channel it is a shoal on which the ice forms very early—oft-times in November. For several weeks this ice is shifting with every wind and current and so great is its force that anchored buoys of every description that mark the ship channel have to be early removed to save them from being carried away. These removals put an end to navigation. Again at Cap Rouge, some 9 miles above Quebec, the St. Lawrence narrows to some 2,000 ft. with seven hours' ebb tide of about 6 miles an hour Large ice fields

coming down with the tide catch at this point and precipitate an ice jam. This jam in many years becomes a fixture for the winter months and occasionally it is well into May before it breaks up.

Below Quebec the ice impediment to late fall and early spring navigation of the ri[illegible] not quite so serious as above this city. The immense width of the river prevents its freezing over, and nothing more serious than dr fting field ice is to be met with.

To the late Hon. R. Préfontaine, minister of marine for the Dominion of Canada, a man of large and progressive ideas, belongs the credit for initiating an ice-breaking service on the St. Lawrence that is destined to effect a material lengthening of the season of navigation on this great highway of commerce.

The Montcalm, the new ice-breaker, is a schooner-rigged twin screw steamer built to the highest requirements of Lloyds' Register of Shipping, and in conformity with the Canadian rules for shipping and board of trade requirements. She is a two-decker with top gallant forecastle, the upper deck running from right aft to the forward side of the bridge. Her dimensions are : Length, 245 ft. between perpendiculars ; beam, 40 ft. 6 in. ; depth, molded, 18 ft.

The hull is constructed on the most improved principle with cellular double bottom, and is divided by specially strong transverse bulkheads into five watertight compartments. The double bottom is divided, both longitudinally and transversely into six separate compartments, which, with the large tanks in the fore and aft peak, are arranged to be filled or pumped

out at will, so that the trim of the vessel may be qu ckly and safely altered to any conditions required for working in the ice fields. The fore foot is cut away, and the stern specially shaped for forcing a passage through the ice, and, in this connection, it is worth mentioning, that the stern and rudder—rudder parts are made particularly heavy to resist the strains encountered at this work. For a considerable distance fore and aft the bottom plating is very heavy, and a double thickness of plates is run from stem to stern, above and below the water leve —backed up by a system of double framing, and heavy stringer bars and keelsons.

Since the Montcalm's arrival at the port of Quebec she has been in active service and her capacity as an ice-breaker has had to stand a severe test. The winter 1906-07 set in early and with extraordinary severity. Ice jams were almost of daily occurrence at Cap Rouge and it was the work of the Montcalm to break them. Capt. Belanger, her commander, has had about thirty years of experience of St. Lawrence river conditions, but ice-breaking in heavy tidal waters and an unbuoyed river with an untested steamer was a novel experience. The captain's successful handling of the steamer and his extraordinary success in combating ice floes and ice jams has proven the wisdom of his superiors in appointing him to this work. Through ordinary ice floes up to 12 or 15 in. thick the Montcalm moves serenely on without apparent effort. It is a most interesting sight to see her cutting through this form of ice. In attacking ice jams, however, her cap-

tain resorts to clever tactics. Instead of running the steamer head on to the jam, which would hang her up on the ice, Capt. Belanger takes her in on an angle. Meeting the heavy obstruction the steamer sidles outward toward the open water but not before a considerable section of ice has been broken away. By repeated attacks of this kind, on the ebb tides, large bodies of this heavy ice is released and carried off. It would be quite possible for the Montcalm to break up an ice jam at Cap Rouge within a month by the methods pursued, but it has been decided upon that the gain for the moment was not commensurate with the work required, but at the end of April, the Montcalm may be confidently relied upon to free the river of all ice obstruction between Quebec and Montreal and give two weeks earlier navigation for all incoming or outgoing craft.

This article would be incomplete in every way were I not to mention the fact that the minister of marine, Hon. Brodeur, is particularly fortunate in his agent, J. U. Gregory, Esq., of the marine department at Quebec for forty years past. Mr. Gregory probably possesses a more complete knowledge of St. Lawrence river navigation and requirements than any other living man and last year, in recognition of his devotion to the service, His Majesty King Edward made him a companion of the Imperial Service Order, one of the highest honors he could confer. Mr. Gregory is as active and as enthusiastic a worker to-day in behalf of the St. Lawrence route as he was forty years ago and his services are appreciated to the full by the shipping community.

ON THE MONTMORENCY 100 YEARS AGO.

MONTMORENCI

WE seleeted Sunday for our visit to the works on the great dam now in course of eompletion at the Natural Steps on the Montmorenei River for a two-fold purpose. First we wanted to see the vast erowd that throngs to the Kent House grounds on a holiday and its interests, and seeondly we wanted the undivided time of Mr, Wade, the superintendent of the dam, to explain to us the detail of the work on that vast structure.

We found a eoneourse of people at the station either struggling for place at the ticket office or for entrance to the cars. The railway people were doing their utmost to aecommodate everyone, but three to four thousand passengers are not handled by an electrie car serviee in half an hour's time. The people, however, were out for a holiday and were patient and good natured. Get to the Falls with its attractions of trained animals and Hardy, the daring tight rope walker, they were determined if it took hours. A band that was waiting for a train to the Falls gave a number of popuar selections, which greatly pleased the waiting multitude.

The Falls themselves were a magnifieent sight just

them from the immense volume of water passing over. Clouds of fine spray rose a hundred feet into the air and dozens of rainbows floated amidst it. The thunderous roar of mighty. falling waters fairly shook the ground on which we stood. It's a pity that our American visitors could not see the Falls when at their best.

How would it do for the Q. R. L. & P. Co., when the big dam is completed and there is water "to waste" even in midsummer, to turn on the Falls daily, say at 5 p.m. and for half an hour? We offer this suggestion for what it is worth.

We took a short cut across the fields to the Natural Steps and the dam. The view from these uplands is of unsurpassed grandeur and beauty in its wondrous variety of scenic effect. To the north the fir-clad mountains drop almost to the river bank. To the south the long verdant fields slope to the St. Lawrence, the north and south channels—the Island of Orleans—the long gradual rise that ends only at the mountains on the Maine border some twenty-five or thirty miles distant. To the west Quebec and Levis with the beautiful harbor and its craft. To the east the north channel to near the end of the Island and the towering mountains behind Ste. Anne's.

We reluctantly tore ourselves away from this glorious and inspiring panorama.

We missed Mr, Wade at the works, and consequently we are without the necessary figures to give an accurate statistical statement of the extent of

the present enterprise, but as we have had some previous experiences of somewhat similar constructions we were able to form a pretty good idea of what this one meant in its magnitude,. Being a holiday work was suspended, but this gave us a better opportunity of looking about without interference of workmen and live machinery, or of getting in the way and being voted a nuisance.

The actual river channel at the point of construction narrows to about forty feet with a low water depth of some thirty feet. The rock walls about the water level gradually recede on each side of the river until at bank top the width must be somewhere about three hundred feet with an entire depth from the top of dam to bottom of about ninety feet. To draw off the water so that the work of construction can be carried on on a dry river bottom a temporary turning dam has been constructed that diverts the waters into a twelve feet diameter pipe that is well anchored into the rock on the south side of the river. This latter is part of the permanent work and by the action of a gate the retained waters may be drawn off to any required low level if it should ever be found necessary to do so either for repairs to the dam or for other reasons.

On the north bank, which is slighty lower than the other just at this point, a turning wall has been built against the possibility of an overflow.

The material used in the dam is concrete and rock. A huge rock crusher, operated by electric power, supplies the stone in any required size.

Stretched from bank to bank is a heavy wire cable on which a traveller carries material from shore to shore.

With the natural side walls of solid rock, and a solid concrete dam wedged into these side walls, tho the resistance power would hold back the St. Lawrence even. This dam creates a lake over a mile and a half in length and with a depth varying from ninety feet to ten at the head. This dam will not alone give an unfailing head of water to its present power house at the foot of the falls, but will enable the company to erect several other power houses as the water power can be used over and over again before the falls are reached.

We continued our wanderings up stream until we came to the summer camp of E. A. Evans, Chief Engineer and General Manager of the Company where we were the recipitents of warm welcome from him and his family. This lodge in the wilderness is most picturesque and beautifully situated.

QUEBEC'S GREATEST INDUSTRY

E can just remember the last of the wandering shoemakers. He came to a farmer's house, where we were spending our summer holidays, and he remained about ten days. He made several pairs of boots and shoes for different members of the family, besides doing some cobbling. In the long twilights he sat on a bench outside the kitchen door and delighted us youngsters with his fairy stories, for which reason, we have no doubt, he still lingers in memory, and not because he was the shoemaker. Long years ago he was gathered to his fathers with others of his confreres. Then began the era of factory-made footwear ; at first the coarser grades for the country trade, but with the invention of more perfect machinery, an improvement in the class of goods turned out. To-day the highest grade boot or shoe can be made only by the factories. As a consequence of these present conditions the boot and shoe manufacturing has become one of the most important trade industries in the United States and Canada, and where it has reached its highest development. In such high esteem is the Canadian-made boot and shoe held that a large export trade

has been established with the Australias. There has been no reaching out after this trade. It has come as the expression of the Australians for a superior manufactured article at a fair price. The Canadian manufacturers, however, are not yet prepared for a large volume of export trade, as the home market is taxing them to their utmost capacity.

Quebec is one of the most important centres of boot and shoe manufacturing within the Dominion. It excels in the coarser and high medium class goods. There are twenty-five large plants in the St. Roch's district and they give employment to between five and six thousand hands with an annual pay roll of almost two millions of dollars. The value of the annual product is in the neighborhood of six millions of dollars. The shoe worker earns from $4 to $20 a week according to capacity. Many of the skilled operatives are women. Where two or three members of a family are employed the combined wages enable them to live in the greatest ease and comfort and to make a good appearance on Sundays and holidays. The majority of the heads of families own their own snug little houses in some of the many streets in St. Roch's or St. Sauveur.

Indirectly the shoe manufacturers are the support of another considerable part of the population of Quebec. The tanneries, whose product of finished leather is almost entirely consumed by the home market, is a trade of old standing in Quebec—antidating the making of factory shoes. For years the tanners held royal sway in the St. Roch's quarter

of Quebec, nor would they even divide honors with the shipbuilders of the St. Charles, although the latter were a powerful clan. In later years, however, both these industries declined. To-day shipbuilding is an extinct art in Quebec, and the tanneries are confined to [illegible] leather.

It will astonish the majority of readers to learn that in the making of a medium fine boot it passes through eighty-two hands, but it is needless to state that it does not linger long anywhere. As rapidly as it can be passed through a rapidly run machine it is carried along to another machine in whole or in parts. Do not imply from the foregoing statement that haste—not care—is the factory's motto. The facts are that good machinery makes for exactness and perfection, and, if good material is used, for durability.

Recently we visited several of the leading factories to study the making of a shoe with a view to the preparation of this paper. It would be impossible in the limited scope of this chapter to describe every machine used and how it is operated, but we can, and will, attempt a short description of what we saw aided by some extracts from an article by W. B. Stewart, in the Cosmopolitan Magazine for February, 1905.

When an order is received at a factory, it is entered on the books and a number is given to it. A tag is made out with a full description of the shoe required, as to size, quality of leather, thickness of sole, and other particulars. The leather selected,

it is sent to the cutting-room and placed on a board before a cutter, who, by means of a flat, brass-bound pattern which corresponds with the number and style indicated on the tag cuts the vamp, or lower part of the shoe. Leather and tag then pass to a second cutter, who cuts the top, or quarter. In turn the tip is is cut, then the back and front stays, the outside and the inside, the tongue, top facings, inside lining, interlining and "boxes," each workman cutting a different part.

From the cutting-room the shoe is sent, with its tag, to the fitting or stitching-room, and from there to the lasting-room. From the laster's table it goes to a machine which cuts a channel in the in-sole, to which the upper is next sewed by machinery. Then the shank is tacked on, a filling is pressed in until the bottom is perfectly level the welt is stitched around the outside of the in-sole, the sole is tacked on temporarily, and a machine trims the edges; then the sole is stitched to the welt, the heel is glued on, nailed, trimmed and slugged—all by machinery—and the final touches of smoothing and polishing are accomplished in the bottoming or finishing-room.

The shoe has been made exactly, as ordered, and eighty different hands have had a part in its construction. Through each stage of its manufacture a record has been kept of the work done, and when the order returns to the accounting-room the story of each individual workman's share in it is ready to be placed upon the records.

The rolling-machine performed the first operation

of actual shoemaking—that of solidifying the leather. The invention of the rolling-machine was followed by that of a wax-thread sewing-machine, which greatly reduced the time required to sew together the various parts which formed the upper. Next came a machine which made pegs very cheaply, and another which drove them very rapidly. In quick succession followed splitting-machines, for reducing sole-leather to a uniform thickness; die-machines, for cutting soles, taps and heels by the use of different dies; a sewing-machine which sewed the soles to the uppers; cable-nailing machines; screw-machines, to fasten soles on the heavier class of boots and shoes; machines which compressed the heels and pricked holes for the nails; machines which automatically drove the nails; machines which prepared the in-sole, skived (trimmed to a uniform thickness) the welt, trimmed the in-sole, and automatically rolled or levelled the shoe: machines which sewed the welts, and machines for lasting.

There are two main divisions of work in the modern manufacture of shoes. The minor of these is that of making turned shoes, which have only a single, thin, flexible sole, such as slippers and women's thin house-shoes. The other division embraces all kinds of footwear in which the upper part is united to an inside and outside sole—goods ranging in quality and designs from low oxfords to long-top riding-boots, with all varieties of lacing, buttoning and strapping.

The interior of a shoe-factory of to-day consists

of five or six main departments, immense rooms accommodating three hundred or four hundred employees each. In them are a hundred different kinds of machinery, which perform the various main and subsidiary processes of cutting, stitching and lasting. They form a vastly different picture from the low bench with its compartments at one end for knives, awls, hammers and rasps, paste-pots and blacking and rub-sticks, which formed the "shop" of the American shoemaker of sixty or seventy years ago.

The tag system by which special orders for shoes are filled, applies as well to the modern making of shoes in bulk. A single tag does for a large number of shoes of any one style and grade. From this tag, or ticket, the vamp cutter first blocks out the vamps (the upper front parts) and gives them, with the ticket, to the upper-cutter, who shades the vamps to the pattern and cuts the tops or quarters (the upper back part) which accompanies them. This cutting is done by dies or other cutting-machinery. The side linings, stays, facings, or whatever trimmings are necessary, and then got out by the trimming-cutter, and the whole made into a bundle and sent to the fitting department.

In the fitting department the materials for the shoe-uppers are arranged in classes by themselves. Pieces which are too heavy are run through a splitting-machine, and the edges are beveled by means of a skiving machine. Then they are pasted together, having previously been marked for the purpose, and after being dried, go to the machine operators, the

different parts to different machines. Each machine is adjusted for its particular work, and in an incredibly short time the upper is completed.

The part of the shoe that is finished then goes to the sole-leather room. Sole-leather is different from the leather used in the uppers. In the latter many kinds may be employed, such as calfskin, goat-skin, sheep-skin, kangaroo-, porpoise-, and seal-skin, the hide of alligators and horse-hide.

In the sole-leather room, machinery performs the greater part of the work, as it does in the rooms where the uppers are made. By the use of a cutting-machine the leather is reduced into strips corresponding to the lengths of the soles required. A powerful rolling-machine then passes over the strips, hardening the leather and removing from its surface any irregularities. By machinery also the strips are shaved down to a uniform thickness, and placed under dies which cut out the proper forms. The smaller strips of leather are cut by dies into heel-pieces, which are joined together, to the thickness required, and after being cemented and put in press and pressed into a condition of solidity. The top piece is not added to the heel until after it has been nailed to the shoe.

A lighter grade of leather is used for the in-sole than for the out-sole, and after being cut into strips and rolled it is cut by dies to the proper shape, shaved uniformly and a channel made in it by a machine, around the under edge, in which to sew it to the upper. The counters are died out and skived, by

machine, and the welts cut in strips. These strips, or welts, are later sewed to the lower edge of the upper, with the seam inside, and then turned and sewed flat to the outer edge of the sole.

This sewing together of soles and uppers is done in the bottoming department, where the first operation is that of lasting, the uppers being tacked to the in-sole. Upper, sole and welt then are firmly sewed together on a machine, after which the bottom is filled and levelled off and a steel shank inserted. Next, the bottom is coated with cement, and a machine presses the out-sole upon it. A rounding-machine then trims it and channels the sole for stitching. Another sewing, this time through the welt outside of the upper, leveling and heeling complete the shoe, all but the smoothing and polishing. No fewer than four machines are employed in heeling. First, the heels are nailed on in the rough ; then they are trimmed into shape by a machine operating revolving knives ; a breasting-machine shapes the front of the heel ; another machine drives in the brass nails and cuts them off flush with the top pieces, and an edging-machine trims the edges of both sole and heel. After this the bottom of the sole is sandpapered, blacked and burnished by machinery, and the shoe, having been cleaned and treed, is ready to be packed for shipment.

The Messrs. J. and J. Woodley were the pioneer boot and shoe manufacturers in Quebec, closely followed by Guillaume Bresse and Mignier. The two largest concerns to-day are the John Ritchie Co., and the Wm. Marsh Co.

SEASIDE SAUNTERINGS

FRENCH-CANADIAN, returning home to Kamouraska after three months in the Haverstraw brickyards, met some old friends on the Intercolonial train. He commenced to boast of his wonderfully acquired knowledge of English, but the others refused to believe him.

"Well," said he, "you will see, for at the next station we will go on the platform, and the first Englishman I meet I will ask him any question you give me."

At Harlaka Junction the brickyarder and his friends stepped out on to the platform. "Now," said the latter, "there is an Englishman, and you ask him where he is going."

The brickyarder stepped forward made a profound bow and said: "Where for you go, you?"

The Englishman cooly surveyed his questioner before answering by saying: "you go to h—" and turned and walked away.

"I told you," said the brickyarder, "he says he is going to Rivière Ouelle."

So we too decided to go to the latter place as cooler for an August week end, and for a whiff of salt breezes

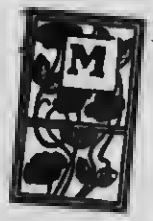
to recall old times. We journeyed down with an immense crowd of others bound for the many attractive summer resorts on the south shore, and for Murray Bay via Rivière Ouelle route, which visitors to that now far famed place find so short and so convenient, thanks to the Government for building the spur from the main line of the Intercolonial to Rivière Ouelle wharf where the beautiful little steamer, also a Government vessel, meets all trains and carries mails and passengers across to Murray Bay, Ste. Irénée and Cap à l'Aigle. The Laurentian hotel at Rivière Ouelle wharf was our objective for this trip and our choice turned our outing into a most delightful visit of many charms. We found a number of American, Montreal and Quebec friends enjoying the hospitality of mine host Donaldson's admirably managed hotel. The situation of this house is unique for the St. Lawrence. It is on the extreme end of a point that pushes a half mile into the river which is here some ten miles wide. From the broad piazza of the hotel there is a more beautiful view than even the Terrace at Quebec commands—forty miles of river—Kamouraska Isles, Murray Bay, Ste. Irénée, Cap à l'Aigle —the great mountains of the North Shore—and sunsets behind them that are the despair of artists and the delight of all-beholders. The promenade of 1200 feet on the wharf to the lighthouse of an evening, with a merry party of friends, is something to remember. Picturesque drives, more picturesque beach walks add variety to the menu of entertainment. The smelt and tommy cod fishing is splendid and when the tide

serves everybody goes to the wharf with rod and line. On the east side of the pier is a sand beach that affords the finest and safest bathing on the coast.

For those who find the sea bathing too cold there is the bath house, with open overhead tanks into which sea water is pumped and warmed by the sun, and drawn by tap to the bath tubs.

We found the hotel rates very reasonable for the service and table supplied.

A CHRISTMAS STORY



RS. SMITH," said Charles Bromly to his housekeeper, who had answered his ring, "my sister and her two children will arrive to-day to remain over Christmas. Make such preparations as are necessary, and, Mrs. Smith, I'll lunch at the club to-day."

"Yes ,Sir," answered Mrs. Smith, and then somewhat dubiously : "Whatever in the world, Sir, are we to do with that Master Torance, he is that mischievious ?"

"I really don't know, Mrs. Smith," sighed her master, "unless," and here Mr. Bromley's face lit up with a simile at the absurdity of his thought, "unless you order an empty hogshead, Mrs. Smith and have Torance placed in it immediately upon his arrival, then head it up and feed him through the bunghole. You may say that it's by my orders, if he offers any objection."

"Hump !" snorted the old house-keeper, "I'd like to see anyone as would get that Master Torance into a hogshead, much less keep him there."

"Well, I've nothing else to suggest," said Mr. Bromley, who had been edging to the door, and now took his departure for his office.

To Smith, the butler, Mrs. Smith freed her mind later. They condoled together over the threatened invasion of the Bromley house, and quarrelled as to what means were to be taken to lessen the evils to follow, Mr. Bromley's suggestion "bein' quite too ridicklous"; but they were perfectly agreed that "it were a shame that Mr. Bromley at his time of life, should be put to by a pack of children, and he always that busy with his invention in the holiday season."

Mr. Bromley pursued his way to his office also somewhat perturbed in mind. For a bachelor considerably past fifty to have the quiet routine of his household disturbed by two unruly youngsters, was not to be thought of without misgivings. Business acquaintances who met him were convinced that his preoccupied look indicated some important financial deal: for be it known that Mr. Bromley was the leading banker in town, a progressive man to whom other men turned for leadership in large undertakings. He was terse of speech, decided in manners and as many said "there was no nonsense about Bromley," others rarely attempted any with him. He lived in the old family homestead, a spacious mansion set in spacious grounds. His social life, however, was an occasional evening at his club with its solemn game of whist. His leisure otherwise was spent in a mysterious room in his own house into which no one had ever penetrated, not even Mrs. Smith, although that excellent housekeeper had frequently suggested the propriety of giving it a

cleaning up. The suggestion was always met with the reply. "I'll attend to that myself, Mrs. Smith." By dint of assiduous listening outside the door Mrs. Smith has discovered that her Master was engaged in "inventin'," for there was no other explanation for the strange sounds she heard, or to account for the many boxes that had gone into the room for years and had come out empty. and without clue. The story had leaked out into the world, and people spoke of Mr. Bromley's cleverness as an inventor, though no one knew precisely what he had invented This very mystery added to his fame.

Mrs. Ainsley and the two children arrived in the course of the day and received a stiff and formal welcome from Mrs. Smith, but Grace and Torance were in no wise affected by any chilliness of manner on her part. It was uncle Charles' house, and they were going to do as they pleased in it. By the time Uncle Charles reached home they were complete masters of it, and in full possession. It was they who opened the door for him and gave him effusive welcome.

"Oh, Uncle Charles!" exclaimed Grace, standing on tip toe to kiss him, "we're just awful glad to see you, and we're having such fun. Torance has got Smith locked in the butler's pantry, and Mrs. Smith can't get out of her room."

"That old thing," said Torance, with great contempt, "why of course she can get out only she don't know; I untied the string an hour ago. I say, Uncle Charles, did you bring us home anything?"

"You young monkeys," said their Uncle by way of answer, "up to your eyes in mischief already. I'd just like to know what else you've done in the way of making yourselves at home? I say Master Torance, just you let Smith out at once."

While Torance went off to release the unfortunate Smith, Grace followed her uncle into his study. The presence of the two irrepressibles was apparent even here. The precious folio Shakespeare, was spread wide open on the table. Mr. Bromley gave a half frightened look at the book as if expecting to find it a mass of ruins. It appeared, however, to be innocent of any further injury than having laid across its face a large sheet of foolscap on which was rudely printed by pen:

CINDERELLA

OR

THE GOLDEN SLIPPER

A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

Clown—Mr. Torance Ainslie.

Cinderella—Miss Grace Ainslie.

"What in the worl," said Mr. Bromley, turning to Grace, "were you doing with this book? Don't you know that you are not to touch things in my study?"

"Why that book ain't no good, Uncle Charles. Torance and me looked all through it to find a

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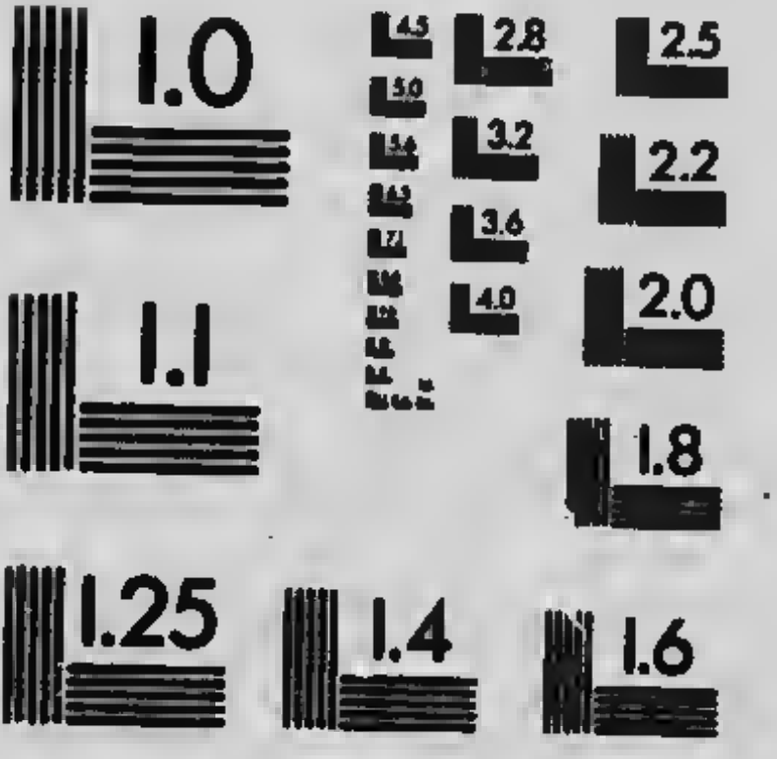

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Christmns pantomime, and therc's only stupid old plays about kings and things. Torance is going to be tbe clown and I'm going to be Cinderella. Isn't it great, Uncle Cbarles ? You should come up to the parlor and see what a beautiful stage we've made with the window curtains. But I must go and find Torance."

At dinner Mr. Bromley addressed himself to his sister, a delicate looking little woman, and paid no further attention to the two children. Their enjoyment, bowevcr, seemed in no wise diminished by this seeming neglect. Every time Smith passed around the table, looking unutterable things at them, they would give each otber a sly kick under the table and go off into the giggles.

When the nuts and raisins had been placed on the table, and Smith had left the room, there was a pause in the conversation between Mr. Bromley and his sister. Torance took immediately advantage of it."

" Say, Uncle Charles, are you going to give us a Christmas tree ?"

" Of course he is," said Grace, interrupting.

" I didn't ask you, Miss Busybody ; I asked Uncle Charles, Say, are you, Uncle Charles ? " persisted Torance.

" A Christmas tree ! What put such a notion as this in your head, Torance ? " replied his uncle.

" Oh ! Grace and me went into the big toy shop on High street this afternoon and the woman said to me, 'Well, sonny, what do you want ?' And I asked her if my Uncle Charles had been buying any toys there."

"Torance," hastily interrupted his uncle, "won't you take some nuts and raisins to put in your pocket, then Grace and you can run away ?"

"Well, I don't mind if I do," answered Torance, as he proceded to liherally help himself, "but I must tell you what the woman said."

"Never mind that now, Torance, I want to talk with your mother," said his uncle, looking more uncomfortable every moment.

Grace, bursting to get at the true inwardness of so important a matter, hroke in here : "Why, the woman said, 'Sonny, who is your Uncle Charles ?, and Torance said, 'Mr. Chas. Bromley.' And then she turned to another woman in the shop and laughed, and the other woman said, 'that accounts for it all,' and then they both laughed, and one of them said to Torance, 'Sonny, you just run away home and don't ask any more questions,' What did she mean Uncle Charles ?"

"How should I know," answered her uncle, hut looking immensely relieved nevertheless. "Now Torance you and Grace run away."

The following morning the two children, having escaped thc argus eyes of Mrs. Smith, were rooting about the garret. They were searching for costumes for the coming Christmas pantomime. Torance had already appropriated an old hcaver hat which he wore on the hack of his curly head. Grace trailed a gorgeouly flowered dress, and wore a poke bonnet of fifty years ago. They were deep in an old horse-hair covered trunk ruthlessly turning its contents

upside down. In a pause from their labor Torance said :

" I tell you, Uncle Charles's immense, and he knows heaps about things."

" I don't think he's nice at all," answered Grace, " he don't know nothin' about dolls. I asked him this morning if he would'nt put Cecile's leg on for me, and he told me to get Mrs. Charles to do it."

" Dolls," exclaimed Torrance with an air of great contempt, " What does a man want to know about dolls, anyway ? Say, Grace, what do you think Uncle Charles keeps in that locked-up room of his ? I saw him carry a box up there this morning. Smith says he's inventing. I wonder what it is : don't you ? "

" No," said Grace frankly, " I don't care a bit. I just want to know though, if he's going to give us a Christmas tree."

" Perhaps that box was Christmas things," said Torance suggestively.

" Oh, Torance ! do you think so ? " Don't I wish we knew ; " exclaimed Grace rapturously.

" Well, I'm going to find out," said Torance with an air of great decision.

" Your name's Mr. Smarty, is'nt it ? just let me know when you've found out anything," replied Grace.

" Perhaps I will, and perhaps I won't Miss Doubter," said Torance : and here the conversation ended, for they heard the footsteps of Mrs. Smith, and each rushed for cover.

Torance, still intent upon the mystery of the room into which his Uncle Charles retired nightly, shortly after dinner, not to re-appear that evening, had made several surveys of the exterior building. A water-spout ran up the side of the house, and passed close beside a window which he had ascertained looked into the room whose secrets he was devoured by curiosity to discover. He made several attempts to climb the spout and once he almost succeeded in reaching the window sill, when Smith appeared upon the scene, and ordered him down, Torance thereupon decided that a night attack alone remained to him. The opportunity came on Christmas Eve. Shortly after Mr. Bromley had gone to his "inventing room." Torance quietly, and unobserved by Grace or his mother, slipped out of the door and around the house. He had to put on a pair of rubbers to help his climbing, and because they made less noise than boots. Slowly and surely he climbed the spout until he came to the window-ledge ; a little higher and he rested one foot on the sill. With one arm clinging to the rainspout he worked his body around until he could just peer over the top of the closed, half-inner shutters into the room which was brilliantly lighted. The sight that met his eyes fairly dazzled them, and his brain reeled from suppressed excitement.

Before a large, round table, in the centre of the room, sat his uncle, gazing, with an expression of the utmost delight, into the open countenance of a mechanical toy, clown that winked at him, stuck a

long tongue out at him, doubled itself up and jeered at him. A miniature engine was operating the machinery that sat in motion a number of acrobats on horizontal bars, nimble fellows who went through amazing figures. Two negro clog dancers, operated from a sand box, were in full swing. A train of cars, drawn by real steam engine, was rushing madly around a circular track while a spectacled monkey, in its own skin, was scraping away on a violin, but the music apparently came from its very insides. But these wonders were as nothing to other wonders that stood upon shelves from the floor to the ceiling, and over-spilled in litters upon the floor itself. Torance's breath came fact, his face was glued to the window, he couldn't even think of what it all meant, the living reality was too over-powering. Perhaps he made some sound, for just then his uncle glanced hastily in the direction of the window, and catching sight of Torance's face pressed flat against the window pane, he sprang from his chair with an expression far from polite.

Torance, panic-stricken, seized the spout with both hands and legs, and let himself go. Half-way down he lost his hold, and fell with a crash into a syringa bush. He was scratched and bruised, yet hastily pulled himself together, and make a break to get into the house before he was captured by his uncle, whose wrath he now dreaded, but before he had reached the doorstep his uncle laid hands upon him.

"There, young gentleman, I've caught you," said he sternly, but just then a ray of light betrayed the

torn and scratched condition of the boy, and his uncle added : " Why, what has happened you ? "

" Oh, nothin', Sir, only I fell into the syringa bush," and whimpering, " I'm all scratched."

" Come right into my study," said his uncle, " 'till I doctor you up, and then I have something to say to you."

Washed, court-plastered, and sat in a big chair facing his uncle, Torance had regained some of his old spirit.

" Now," said his uncle in a conciliating tone of voice, " What were you doing at that window to-night ? "

" I just wanted to see, Uncle Charles, what you were inventin'. Say, Uncle Charles, are you the real inventor of all those things I saw ? "

" Well, not exactly, Torance," Mr. Bromley dissembled, " but I'm very much interested in mechanical devises for children."

" Awful fun', ain't they, Uncle Charles ? " said Torance excitedly, " My, that clown was great, though."

" I cannot say that I find them such fun," replied his uncle somewhat confusedly, " but, ahem ! scientifically considered they are interesting. The fact is, I have been conducting a series of investigations leading up to (ahem !) an invention, but I should much prefer, my dear boy, not to have this known. So, if you don't mind, I'm going to ask you to keep my secret from everybody, even from Grace. If you like we will go upstairs now, and you shall select for

yourself and Grace just whatever you please. The fact is, I've about made up my mind to turn my attention to some other things."

"You bet I'll promise, Uncle Charles," said Torance; and they shook hands upon the compact.

Christmas morning, when the tree was displayed, such an exhibition of mechanical toys was never before seen, and the clown winked and leered and stuck out his tongue, but was silent.

"I tell you," said Torance to Grace, "Uncle Charles is immense."

Mr. Bromley's friends, however, who have heard that he had failed to make his invention a success are puzzled to know why he failed, and what it was, after all, he had been working upon for so many years.

AN ADDRESS TO TRAINED NURSES

AM very deeply sensible of the honor you have paid me in asking me to address the graduating class of nurses of the hospital. I continue to take the liveliest interest in the welfare and the growing success of the institution with which I was so pleasantly associated in its early days, from its humble and modest beginnings into one of the largest, best equipped, and best managed of hospitals. Much, very much of this success is owing, to the unwearied, unflagging, ever anxious care you have always displayed, and the many sacrifices you have made to promote its welfare, and to the generous and loyal support you have had from the Board of Governors, the Auxiliary Committee, and the public at large. You have been singularly happy in associating with you as visiting and consulting physicians and surgeons many of the most distinguished specialists, men whose reputations are world-wide, and whose names are towers of strength to an institution with which they are associated. A deep debt of gratitude is due these gentlemen for invaluable services that have been rendered in no small part from that purely humanitarian feeling that is

so dominant a characteristic of the true physician and surgeon.

Under such conditions your institution has flourished and its beneficent work goes on uninterruptedly.

May I now offer the graduates a few words of advice from the point of view of the layman, upon their leaving home, as it were, to enter upon their chosen career, almost as noble and self-sacrificing a one as that of the physician if entered into with that spirit of conscientious devotion to duty's call. The young ladies who to day go forth from the hospital with their diplomas of graduation, are, I am certain, as well prepared for their mission in life as skilful training could make them from a technical standpoint. They are now, however, face to face with some new conditions that are not in the curriculum of the hospital training, and it is of these new features that I would speak from a considerable experience of trained nurses in the family circle. The value and comfort of an experienced nurse in a household where there is sickness is largely measured by her sympathy and adaptability. Both are essential if she wishes to be called blessed and be held in loving remembrance for all that is best in womanhood. Without sympathy a nurse is a misfit in a sick room and in the household in which she sojourns. Without adaptabilty to that household she is equally out of place. By adaptability I mean the ability to adjust herself readily and quickly to the conditions and circumstances of whatever household she is called to. In the somewhat circumscribed *menage* of the

average house it is almost an imperative duty upon the nurse to do many things outside of the sick room which, while no part of the contract, make her a true comfort in the house. I know of several skilled nurses, of whom it is always said by those who have employed them : "Oh ! yes, the Misses A. and B. are excellent in the sick room, but they require two or three people to wait upon them. They make so much extra work that rather than have them we prefer to do our own nursing in future."

If the tired, anxious, perhaps worn out mother, has to be awakened two or three times in a night to procure something the nurse requires she is not going to call that nurse blessed Again I hear it said : "Oh ! Miss C.—a perfect treasure in the house in times of illness ; never a particle of trouble, but so helpful in all ways, and so sympathetic. I do not know what I should have done without her when our dear one died." Remembering, then, that every nurse is judged by these standards of general utility in the house, it becomes important for her the moment she enters it to familiarize herself with its arrangement. She no longer has the equipment and the ready conveniences of the hospital to fall back upon but must make the best of what the house affords—find out where the ice-box is kept, where the food, china and linen closets are, how cook regulates her kitchen range—and then help herself as much as possible ; and in helping herself she is truly helping that household through a perhaps trying period, and becomes a blessing.

There is another matter of the greatest importance, and upon which too much stress cannot be laid, and that is the necessity on the part of the nurse of loyalty and rigid obedience to the orders of the physician who is in attendance upon the patient. She should never attempt to usurp the doctor's place by setting her opinion above his in the household; and yet this is frequently done by the so-called "very superior nurse;" and the result is always to the detriment of the patient. The training of a nurse has only fitted her to carefully and intelligently carry out the doctor's instructions, and unless she is conscientious in this particular she is deliberately undoing his work. A physician is often done a great wrong by this very superior person. The nurse is of course to be watchful of all symptoms in her charge and communicate such to the doctor. I frequently hear physicians say: "I prefer Miss E. as a nurse, for I can always trust her." How much is implied in that word "trust" to the doctor in a serious case. It takes a burden of anxiety from his shoulders in the knowledge that his patient is being intelligently and skilfully cared for and his instructions faithfully carried out.

I find, sometimes, nurses who themselves resort to drugs and stimulants. Of all failings these are the most to be deplored, and nurses who acquire these habits soon drop out of the running. I am glad, however, to bear witness that these faults are unusual; yet they are to be spoken of and the note of warning sounded. The drug habit is the one to

be most feared; it is so easy to quiet a pain, still a headache, induce sleep, etc.

Another failing to be deplored, for it is of more common occurrence, is the habit of gossip, of carrying the story of one house to that of another. There should be the same professional secrecy observed by nurses as by physicians. The position of nurse in a house is of the most confidential nature, and its secrets should be inviolate. I cannot lay too much emphasis on the importance of laying to heart the necessity of a silent tongue on the part of nurses as to their experiences and doings or what they have seen or heard in households in which they have been employed. Such gossip is fraught with untold mischief, and condemns the nurse who retails such wares as unworthy of confidence.

Of late years the higher standard of training for nurses in hospitals has brought forward thousands of highly cultivated young women for place in the ranks of the professional nurses, and they, with their higher sense of obligation and of duty to lofty ideals, are fast breaking down old barriers of prejudice and making *the nurse* almost as great a necessity and comfort as the physician in those periods when the work of one so ably seconds that of the other.

THE COMING QUEBEC

I MET the old Railroader and Promoter at the Frontenac Hotel lately, and by appointment. We had known each other in years gone by in the United States where he was then building railroads for his own account. He is shrewed and experienced, and an opportunist, with a keen scent for a good thing and a readiness to "go in with the boys," as he calls his financial associates, on a deal.

"Well," said I, "what has brought you to Quebec at this season? Come up to buy out the Transcontinental franchise?"

"Not exactly," replied the old Railroader, "but I have come to Quebec to look into this interminable terminal question, and to see what the prospects are for this city becoming the future great shipping port. A view to some investments if things looked favorable was another reason for my visit."

I've learned a good many things within the past week by observation, looking over plans and reports, and talking with railroad men who have been here or who are now here."

"And as a result," said I, "you are going to put a couple of millions into Quebec property and other enterprises?"

OLD VIEW OF QUEBEC FROM THE ST. CHARLES.

"Not at present," answered the old Railroader, "I find Quebec has been booming itself until in my opinion there are a good many inflated values. Properties in Lower Town, which were held two years ago at from five to seven thousand dollars, owners are now asking from twenty-five to forty thousand dollars for, but of course with no takers, but everyone is happy in the faith that they have suddenly struck it rich. A legitimate and progressive advance would have been justifiable under all the circumstances, but this flying leap into space must do more harm than good. Unless owners of desirable properties are prepared to meet the present conditions for modern up-to-date and equipped buildings in place of the present old rookeries that now "don't adorn" many holdings, the proprietors had better climb down and out on some reasonable basis otherwise the trend of progress will lead into the St. Roch division of the city. I rather question whether under any circumstances it will not be diverted into this district where there is room for expansion, with wide streets and large holdings, and a flat surface. The C. P. R., the Lake St. John RR., and the future North Shore RR. are already at its doors. Suppose that the Transcontinental and several of the other roads should finally decide upon their entrance to Quebec by the coves with their terminal at the Champlain Market, what would this imply—a demolition of every building from the present market west to Sillery below the cliffs, and even then there will be barely room for the tracks, sidings, storehouses and docks even though

OLD VIEW OF QUEBEC FROM THE ST. CHARLES.

the coves to low water are all filled in. Not an inch of room will be available for dozens of other necessary buildings for railroad purposes. Yet the Cove line is the only practicable entrance into Quebec for the more important RR., that will in the future seek terminals here. Five to seven miles of river frontage will be made available for steamships of the largest size and deepest draught at a comparatively small cost as compared with the alternative scheme of enlargement and extension of the breakwater, which at best could never be serviceable to any considerable amount of shipping except at an expenditure of at least twenty millions of money and years of labor. The Louise Docks are but small affairs at best, useful in their day for the schooner and barge outfit but quite useless for a fleet of steamships. They may still continue to serve for the small coasting trade vessels and prove a place of wintering for small craft. The Harbor Commission which at present administers the Docks and Breakwater is a cumbersome political body that commands little attention apparently for its unprogressiveness. No doubt, in time, it will be legislated out of existence.

"But," said I, "for some time to come ships will be docked, loaded and unloaded at the Breakwater and the Louise Docks, and in the event of the Champlain Market being made the Terminal Station in Quebec, how are the various roads entering there going to reach those respective places with their freight cars?"

"Nothing easier," answered the old railroader,

"another thoroughfare must be constructed on the water front behind Dalhousie street sufficiently wide to carry four tracks, and a wagon road. This would relieve Dalhousie street of its present congestion of freight cars and make it what it ought to be, one of the principal commercial thoroughfares in the Lower Town. This R.R. connection made with the Breakwater and Louise Docks would also make a connection with the C. P. R., the Quebec and Lake St. John R.R. and the North Shore and thus the city will practically have a belt line of R.R. commencing at Cap Rouge, every interest being pretty well served for the Great Northern which is building from Portneuf to Cap Rouge on the St. Lawrence shore will probably utilize its already graded line from Cap Rouge to enter Quebec by way of St. Sauveur or St. Roch's, or over the lines of the Quebec and Lake St. John R.R."

"A Union Station that would cover all roads entering Quebec would be an absurdity as the main interests of several of these coming roads is to get directly to the shipping with the least possible friction, which would not be the case where they to come into Quebec by any other route other than the Coves and for reasons which I have already given. Besides these it must not be forgotten that the C.P.R. has pre-empted the St. Charles frontage and is now pretty comfortably fixed for the future since it has increased its freight tracks and got control of dockage for its steamers with its own R.R. to their gangways. This company is not likely therefore to be enticed into any deal by which it could be called upon to share its

holdings. The Lake St. John road and the Great Northern R.R. are also pretty comfortable where they are located and are not likely to move on to merely please some local property interests. You would find all this out later were the promoters of this idea to advance it much further.

"Your Board of Trade appointed a committee to report on a terminal and gave it, so I believe, one year in which to study the question. It might just as well have given this committee ten years instead of one. Your Board of Trade appears to lack weight and influence and doesn't seem to convince anyone in particular that its fulminations are worth paying much attention to. I think that I have discovered the reason for this in the fact that your leading and prominent financiers and business men take little part in its proceedings."

"If instead of 'terminals,' which the various R.R.'s interested in seking out the very best, may be safely left to conjure with, the Board of Trade would devote its energies to encouraging and developing manufacturing interests in the St. Roch's and St. Sauveur divisions of the city, it would be doing something practical. It is only by the increase of manufactures that cities become great. It would be an object lesson for the Board of Trade to pay Montreal a visit, not to its hotels and theatres, but for a three days' tour of observation among its varied manufacturing plants. It might return with somewhat enlarged ideas.

"I have frequently heard it asserted that the

Quebec French Canadian is unprogressive. I don't believe it, he has until now been handicapped by adverse conditions. Once these change and he will change, and you will find him, as in Montreal, quite prepared for the larger activities of life. He only awaits the opening and the opening is coming. I don't believe Quebec yet realizes that to one of its own French Canadians, Hon. G. N. Parent, now Chairman of the Transcontinental R.R. Commission, it owes so much of its present prominence. He is a remarkable man in administrative capacity and has earned his spurs by sheer dint of ability to do and dare. Some day, when political animosities have been forgotten, Quebec will erect a monument to him as its foremost citizen."

"Do you then," I asked, "predict a great future for Quebec?"

"Decidedly," answered the old Railroader, "just as soon as the awakening comes, and the awakening is not long to be deferred. The tide is on and the awakening follows, that is the settling down to the actual development of things.

"I'm coming back later on to further look into some projects I have in mind."

THE WEAVING OF YARNS

WHENEVER it happens that Commodore Gregory, J. S. Budden, the Ancient and Honorable and I the Scribe meet at Spencer Grange for an afternoon with the venerable historian Sir James M. LeMoine, it invariably occurs sooner or later that my three elders become reminiscent while I am graciously permitted to sit silent and takes notes. I have threatened several times to publish some of their yarns as punishment to them for their treatment of me as a youngster not yet arrived at the dignity of the anecdotal age, but they have smiled benignently upon me and patting me on the head they have said : " Sonny, some day if you live long enough, and are good, your turn will come. Listen now to us gray beards and learn wisdom," and I listen, for they are a trio of tried talkers with an inexhaustable fund of good stories to draw upon. Sometimes I am appealed to when there is a difference among them as to a date of something or other that occurred long years before I was born, and I invariably answer that so far as I know they are all three correct. This saves their pride and keeps me on an even footing.

There were strange happenings in our province of Quebec, when my dear old friends were in their youth, and their delight is to recount these incidents and wherever they have played a part to tell the story with all its accompanying detail because perhaps of the many changes that have come with modern innovation of telegraphs, telephones, railroads, etc., that level things down to the common plane of the world's daily occurrences.

At our last *séance* it was the Commodore who started the ball rolling by relating the story of a wreck that occurred on Anticosti years ago where many thousands of dollars worth of valuable goods were washed ashore and appropriated by the settlers and fishermen. Their valuation of the treasure trove was in proportion to their common needs or crude tastes. A box of watches was freely exchanged for a case of brandy. Silks gave place to cotton cloth and champagne was cast aside for rum. A wreck meant flush times for a period at least, but there were also periods of want and privation along our lower coasts when from any cause the fisheries or sealing failed. In 1868 the government got word that the distress was so serious that unless some aid was afforded the people must perish from starvation. I received instructions to take the steamer Napoleon III, load her with provisions, and proceed at once to the various fishing stations, on the Labrador coast and succor the distressed. At *Blanc Sablon*, I was informed of the very serious condition of a family by the name of Jones, living at *Baie de*

Bradore some four miles distant. Mr. Duhamel having offered to accompany me there on foot, we filled our pockets with biscuit and set out over the hills. When we had gone some two or three miles we met a tall sun burnt man of about forty years of age, he was in ragged garments and was emaciated and sickly looking. I surmised it was Jones as proved to be the case.

In a few words I told him the object of my mission and requested him to guide us to his house that I might see and judge for myself what his most pressing needs were for himself and family.

He demurred at first saying that neither his famiiy were prepared to receive guests nor was his house in order.

As I persisted he said: " very well, follow me."

In answer to some questions of mine he replied : "I was born on the coast and I have never quitted it. I know no occupation other than fishing and the taking of seals. I have one of the best bays in this neighborhood for seals. My father before me has often made an annual profit of from $6000 to $8000 and then we were rich, but for several years now the winds have driven the ice into the bay and I could not set my seines."

When the house came into view I perceived that at one time it must have been of considerables dimensions, but now it was fast falling into disrepair.

We entered by the back door and I noticed that the flooring of the room had been torn up. Jones said he had been compelled to do this to make firing

at a time he was to ill and weak to go into the interior for fire-wood. He conducted us into a room that had at one time been decorated with considerable pretentions, but its furnishings had evidently been parted with. I asked to see his wife and family, but he pleaded that they were not presentable, but as I insisted, he called to his wife to come down with the children. When she finally appeared with her little ones their forlorn and desperate condition brought tears to my eyes. Poverty and actual want were written on their faces, and they were clothed in rags. We hastily emptied our p[illegible] of our cakes and handed them to the children who hungrily devoured them.

Mrs. Jones told me she was a Scotchwoman, born at Glasgow. She had come out to Halifax to join a sister who was married to a brother of Jones. Later she married Jones and came to live on the coast. There were nine children, the eldest of them were away in the interior hunting and fishing to keep those at home alive. They had all been living for some time on the little trout caught in the streams and the few birds that were shot. Absolute despair was written in the poor woman's expression and in her voice.

"Madam," I said, "I am here by order of the government to relieve your distress. I will even take you and your children to Quebec, and Jones shall have employment. Will you come? Tears filled her eyes and it was several moments before she could reply."

"Mr. Gregory, our fate must be decided here. My husband would never fit in to another life, and my own is drawing to its close. Could we tide through our present troubles and misfortunes a change must come and we shall be able to get along somehow now that the children are growing up."

"Very well," I answered, "if you are determined to take your chances here I am going to see that you shall have no further suffering for a year at least. To-morrow I shall send our boats ashore with provisions and other things to make you comfortable."

The poor woman and her husband now broke down completely. When they were somewhat composed they thanked me a dozen times, and said it was almost too good to be true. I told Jones to be at the steamer next morning and we left on our long tramp back to *Blanc-Sablon*.

When we reached the ship the captain said that he thought we were in for a heavy blow during the night and that he intended running off shore until the morning, so accordingly we up anchor and ran out into the gulf. Next morning the storm having abated somewhat we again put into the harbor, and immediately we saw a boat put off from shore with only one man in it whom I recognized through the glass to be Jones.

When he was landed on the deck his first words were, 'thank God Sir, you did come back or I could never had gone home to my starving wife and children.'

"Jones," said I, "you go into the officers mess

room and tuck into as good a breakfast as we can provide, and we'll load the boats at once."

While he was gone I spread a large blanket on the floor and called for contributions of clothing. The inspector of light-houses and his daughter were aboard and the latter fairly emptied her trunk. Mr. Duhamel, gave liberally from his children's clothing.

I added powder, lead, pipes, tobacco, matches, tea, sugar, medecines and other odds and ends.

In the meantime the sailors under the direction of the mate had loaded the steamer's boat with a year's provisions of flour, pork, molasses, potatoes, dried peas ar ' beans, salt and other useful goods and stores.

When I had filled the blanket I sent for Jones to come into the cabin and I asked him whether he and his family could use what I had gathered.

"Ah ! yes sir," he said, "but I have no money to pay for them !"

"No matter Jones, we are going to make you a present of them."

"Surely," said he, turning to me "some good angel must have sent you to us Mr. Gregory," but when he was told that the entire boat load of stuff was also for him the poor man cried.

The sailors sat him on the top of the boats cargo, the order was given to shove off, and the last I saw of Jones he was helping the sailors unload.

Another year passed and I got word that some good fortune had again dawned upon Jones, but that his poor wife no longer shared it with him.

"The vissisitudes of life on the coast are many and strange," added the Commodore "but it is mostly along the line of tragedies." Dr. Grenfel, knows of them as does few men, and if he confines himseif to his work af relief oniy and avoids pitfals, he can do a great work. But my story has been a sad one. Sir James, you have had your experiences on the coast and in the Magdalen Islands and the Maritime Provinces. Tell us some amusing incident as an offset to my yarn,"

Sir James thus addrssed, smiled and made answer. "Did I ever tell you how I felt as acting Lt.-Governor, of Nova Scotia ?"

"Well, I shall never forget an incident that occurred at Government-House, Halifax, N. S., in June, 1897, at a reception on the day of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. In my many official perigrinations throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion nothing so comical even happened to me.

Many loyal citizens of the loyal province of Nova Scotia thought themselves bound to put in an appearance at Government House to show their respect for their Sovereign, and to shake hands with the genial Lt.-Governor, the Hon. Malachi Daly.

There were many high officials, in the city ; the highest the Governor General, Lord Aberdeen, the Commander of the Forces, General Montgomery Moore, Sir H. Erskine, Admiral of the N. American squadron, the members of the Royal Society of Canada, who were holding their annual meeting in Halifax, of which I was lately president. Many cir-

cumstances concurred to add *éclat* to the Jubilee *fête*, a gala day for Nova Scotia, as well as the rest of the Dominion.

I had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintence with the popular and able administrator of the Province, but I had known his father, the Honorable Dominick Daly, for years a resident of Quebec, and Provincial Secretary, his son, the present Governor of Nova Scotia, was an old Quebecer—living at Marchmont, on the St. Louis Road, in 1838—who like myself was a barrister, by profession.

My knighthood, recently published had brought me many congratulations. Whether, the genial Governor wished to add his own or specially to honor a member and delegate of the Royal Society, is more than I can say.

The levee was numerously attended : several distant residents had never seen the new Governor. A long stream of them pushed forward to shake hands with His Honor, I followed with the rest; on greeting him, he beckoned me to stand near him. I had just done so, when on A.D.C. accosted His Honor, whispering that he was wanted, for a moment in the next room and I was left conspicuously standing, before the moving crowd.

Many not having noticed the absence of the Governor came up to where I stood and extended their hands, intent on shaking mine, as if I was their governor. The absurdity of the situation after a moment flashed on me. I stood for a second or two and then bolted through the side door, without

stopping to realise how it feels to be acting Lt.-Governor of Nova Scotia, even far a short tenure of office.

We all laughed at Sir James' predicament and his escape from it, and the conversation then became general until some one of us said, turning to the Ancient and Honorable—'And how is it that you, sir, have remained a bachelor for 83 years?'

'Nothing easier,' answered the Ancient and Honorable 'I have proposed a hundred times, but I was never taken seriously, or in other words I was never taken at all, but your question brings to mind a curious story that I heard same years ago when I was storm stayed for a night, in the parish of St. Joleau, the guest of its good *curé*.

He told me that he had officiated at the funeral that morning of one of his oldest and most respected parishoners, and curiously,' added he, 'he was an old bachelor.'

The story is not without its pathos, and, as it may interest you, I will tell it as the *curé* told it to me.

'A strange man was that Henri LeMarche. Yes, a very strange man, but an honest and upright one whom everyone respected, and laughed at because of his queer ways. He was born in the village and when he was old enough he followed the trade of his father that of *voiturier* (carriage maker.) Next door to the LeMarche's lived the Tranchon's and what more natural than Henri should pay his court to pretty Marie Tranchon. In our church we do

not approve of long engagements, but in this case, it proved to be one af fifty-five years duration, notwithstanding every effort to induce them to marry. It all came about in a curious way. He had built a house next to his father's for his bride, and the date for the marriage was fixed when Marie's mother died. There were six young children and the father. Marie had promised her mother to care for them. She offered to release Henri, but he said simply that he must wait for her. In the meantime he would begin to furnish the house and she would help him make choice. This furnishing the house finally became the ruling passion of both of them. Ten years rolled by and then again a date was set for the marriage, and again fate decreed that it should not be. Henri's sister became a dependent widow with a large family of little ones.

'What is my duty,' said Henri to Marie? 'It is plain,' answered Marie, 'you must bring them home and care for them, and we will wait."

Another ten years rolled by, and the still unoccupied house began to overflow with its ever increasing additions of furnishings. Again date for the marriage was set when Marie's father became a hopeless and helpless paralytic.

'What is my duty now?' said Marie.

'We will wait,' answered Henri.

I suppose the habit of waiting grew upon them with the years, and at the age of fifty they both agreed to wait indefinitely. Their simple courtship and the constant furnishing and refurnishing of the

house gave them now the pleasure of life. Every evening he made his two hours call, and on Sunday afternoons they both visited the house and decided upon some appointments or alterations.

Whenever Henri was jocularly asked by any one of his neighbors when he was going to marry, his reply invariably was :

'Marry, marry, why if I got married where would I spend my evenings.'

Age and ailments crept upon them, but they still kept their youth in their courtship. When Marie's time of final illness came, Henri also took to his bed. Daily until her death they exchanged messages, and then Henri turned his face to the wall and spoke no word, three days later he too passed into the hereafter.

'He was a strange man, was that Henri Le Marché, said the *curé* as he ended his story, 'but he did many good deeds in his life time, and who knows ?'

The lengthening shadows on the Grange lawn and the evening note of thrush warned us now that it was time to make our bow and depart our ways in great peace.

OLD VIEW OF CAP ROUGE.

THE ROMANCE OF A GRAND-FATHER CLOCK

HEN the good citizens of Quebec kicked out their grand-father clocks for French ormulas to adorn the mantle piece, and were also getting rid of their old mahogany for the more showy modern machine made and plush covered furniture, they little recked that their descendants some fifty years later would scour the country from Dan to Beersheba for those very discards or their prototypes. As most of the old stuff found its way into the junk shops of the period, the thrifty and well to do *habitant* of the surrounding country bought it cheaply to replace his more primitive household furniture. To this he added the grand-father clock. When I was a boy and much given to frequenting the country, and the houses of the *habitants* in the various parishes adjacent to Quebec, I recall the many beautiful clocks I saw and the wonderful pieces of mahogany. Some of the latter had evidently belonged to the cabin furnishings of sailing ships and was profusely inlaid with brass. Even in those youthful days it attracted not only my attention but excited my admiration. Many of these articles had been turned to strange

uses. In the heyday of ship-building in Quebec, hundreds of cabinet-makers were employed for the interior furnishing of the vessels and many of these men—mostly French-Canadians—were past-masters in their trade. Some were positive geniuses in beautiful creations or reproductions.

My grand-father clock, whose story I propose to tell, is an instance in point. The case is a replica in minute detail to the old Chippendale clock that in 1906 was presented to King Haakon VII on his coronation, by the citizens of London. The clock itself differs very materially for the reasons that I shall set forth. The case of my clock was made in Canada the works and face at South Hoadley. Plymouth ,U. S. The mechanism is entirely of wood —a genuine Yankee wooden clock—The face is of tin, painted and gilded. There is a supposed view upon it of South Hoadley which, if the painting is correct appeared to consist of three wooden houses. Above the XII hour numerator is a golden eagle flapping its wings mounted upon a drum supported by a cannon and bayonets on one side, and furled flags upon the other. The bands are made of lead. The case of my clock is painted black with gold stars at the corners of the panels. Originally the case was of cherry wood with its rich red tones—but—this is part of my story later on. I have never had it restored to its pristine beauty. As it stands to-day it always reminds me somewhat of a coffin, but the golden stars save the situation.

How it came into my possession, and what it further implies is the story.

A good many years ago, I won't say how many, I was the guest of Commodore Gregory on board his famous yacht " L'Hirondelle " bound for the Sorel Islands on a shooting expedition for wild fowl.

The Commodore did most of the shooting while I lounged ashore at Sorel or Berthier and visited acquaintances and friends, and prowled about the roads. Coming down from Lanoraie to Berthier one early evening, I met an old lady trying to hold in a somewhat spirited horse. She attempted to stop, as she drew near me, but the horse was decided to go on, whereupon I seized the beast by the bridle and brought him to a halt.

" Bon Dieu ! " exclaimed the old lady, " my husband is dead back there on the road ! "

" Get out of the buckboard at once Madame, and I will see."

The poor old thing tumbled out somehow, and I led the horse to the fence and secured him with all sorts of hitches.

In the meantime the old lady was running down the road as fast as her feeble legs would carry her. I soon overtook and passed her and shortly came to her husband who was lying stretched on the road and with eyes closed but feebly groaning. I took his pulse and finding it fairly strong I removed my coat and rolling it up placed it under his head. I then tested his legs and arms to see whether any were broken, but as nothing indicated this, I concluded it was only contusion. I got out my flask and applied it to his lips. If anything will restore a genuine good

old *habitant* to life it is the taste of good whiskey. A few swallows and the old chap came to somewhat and I lifted him to a reclining position as his wife came along.

"Don't worry, Madame," said I, "it is only a few bruises."

To make a long story short I brought the old fellow around with another good nip, and leaving him in charge of his wife I went back for the horse and trap. Somehow we got him into the latter and while his wife supported him I drove them home. I put him to bed, and as it was now too late to return to the "Hirondelle," I accepted the oft pressed invitation to remain for the night. In the morning my patient apart from stiffness expressed himself as all right.

The dear old lady was so unceasing and profuse of thanks that I felt almost embarrassed. To relieve this and get her off the subject I began to dilate on the beauties of some of her old furniture and the particular charm of the grand-father clock.

"You like the clock m'sieu ?"

"Very much indeed," said I, "It is very fine."

One of the sons drove me to Berthier, and I was soon aboard the "Hirondelle", and again on the shoot with the Commodore.

Three or four days later I spent the day in Sorel returning to the yacht late in the evening. As I came into the cabin I was assailed in most abusive terms by the Commodore for sending a corpse on board addressed to myself : "Going to sell it in Quebec to the medical students, I suppose, I've been d—d near having it thrown into the St. Lawrence."

"Ease up Commodore, and show me the corpse and we'll discuss the proposition afterwards as to its disposal."

The Commodore led the way forward and there sure enough on the deck was a suspicious case addressed to Mr. Fishile, "Chaloupe L'Hirondelle", and through the chinks of the planks we could plainly see a black wooden case.

"It is certainly very suspicious looking Commodore, suppose we investigate further."

The crew and the mate and the boatswain too were requisitioned, and an outer plank was wrenched off, and lo! there reposed my clock but in brand new black coat of paint with the golden stars.

"By heavens!" exclaimed the Commodore, "there is a Hiram Twist clock—the first I've seen these forty years past, but in the name of all the Saints where did you get it?"

I could only imagine how it came, and then I asked him about this Hiram Twist.

"Come back to the cabin," answered the Commodore, "and over our pipes I'll tell you the story."

"When I was a boy my father was a practising physician in Montreal. Among his patients at times was a Hiram Twist, a yankee from Meriden Connecticut. He lived at *Côte des Neiges* and carried on a small clock making factory. The wooden works he brought in detached parts from Connecticut. They were put together in the factory and the cases were also made there. Twist was of the Sam Slick type and the cleverest of clock peddlars. He would start from

Côte des Neiges with a great wagon load of his clocks to be disposed of in the country districts. He spoke no French but used an interpreter. If for any reason he failed to make a sale, he would say to the *habitant* : " Sorry my friend you do not care for a clock in your house, but you can do me a great favor. I find I've too heavy a load for my poor old horse. Would you mind taking charge of this clock until my return. I will set it up and show you how to run it for it is better to keep it going, and when I get back here I will try to dispose of it."

This offer never failed of acceptance, and Hiram would depart his way.

Before his return some months later the clock was certain to have ticked its way into the graces of the entire household, but to clinch matters Twist would say upon his arrival through the interpreter :

" *Bonjour M'sieu L'Habitant*, I am so much obliged to you for caring for the clock which I have just about sold to your neighbor who saw it here and admires it so much. He asked me not to mention his name.

" What," replies *l'Habitant*, " and does he think we cannot afford a clock in our house, You tell him M'sieu Twist that the clock belongs to me, and here's the money for it."

Twist would then immediately go to the neighbor and say : " Ah ! the clock I wanted you to buy is sold to *l'Habitant*. he would not part with it for any money, he finds it such a convenience, but no matter my friend, I have even a better one at the hotel if you will drive there with me to see it, and

I will charge you no more for it." He of course, makes the sale.

My father used to say that Twist was a remarkably shrewd fellow with a wonderful fund of quaint anecdote. What finally became of him I cannot say, but now you know the origin of your clock.

PRINCE DOLLAR

PART I

Prince Dollar, once upon a time, so runs the odd story,
Tired of a city life and yearned for country glory.
The news like wildfire spread to fartherest end of city,
Some thought him surely mad, some others wept with pity ;
But all agreed to speak to him in season
And in a friendly was attempt with him to reason.
Smith's lot it was the first to voice the very deep concern
The Prince's many friends all felt ; it gave them all a turn
To think he would desert them. " Really, dear boy, you know
Such very sudden shocks dealt one's friends a savage blow.
They felt it unkeenly. Now to their fears allay
And assure them in Quebec you still intend to say."
The Prince, in agitation, tears streaming from his eyes,
In broken voice, between the sobs, to answer vainly tries,
For all that Smith could make out was: " He camo a day too
late,
The d e was cast, the seal was set, now he must meet his fate.
Could Smith say whether goslings were the young of geese or
not.
Really for the season he thought it dreadful hot "
Jones came in next, a hearty, rough, old boy is Jones
Without preliminar es and in stentorian tones,
(And I should also add mixed up with much profanity)
He damned Prince Dollar's eyes, and said, 'twas sheer insanity.
Talk of living on a farm once living in Quebec,
Against such form of lunacy he'd quickly put a check,
Prince Dollar deeply touched again, then wiped away a
tear :

A HABITANT 50 YEARS AGO.

" Dear Jonee," he said, " you may be right, you even are I fear.
I only make this sacrifice for my dear country's eake,
To show the farmers of the land the money they might make
By scientific methods, I've read the whole thing up,
Some time I will explain it all if you will with me sup.
Just now I'm estimating cost of a new kind of light
For cities towns and villages, it's sure to give delight.
It'e carved from out a pumpkin, has a tallow dip inside,
It'a hy no meane expensive, and the profiits I'll divide."
Scarce had Jones damned himself away than fair Clarinda
came,
" Dear Prince." she eaid, " how can you, I weep for very ehame.
You know how awful much I. (but here she made correction)
How much *we* love you here, you've quite won our affection ;
And you'd derert me, us I mean, for country loves and lasses
Pardon dear Prince, hut I think country folks all asses.
I'm hroken-hearted quite, I thought you'd such good taste,
And must my deareat, tenderest, hut here her hosom chaste
Heaved with a mighty soh and left the word unsaid.
Prince Dollar with a gallantry at once came to her aid.
" Weep not O lady fair | Time or change cannot efface
Your beauty from my mind, nor your sweet love replace."
This wa a real pretty speech, I wonder if he meant it,
Yet as he kissed her then it did seem to cement it.
" How little do you know," said he, " the joys of country life,
The peacefulness that hangs ahout, the absence of all etrife.
Do let me eing to you a song that lately I've composed,
It's full of every lovely thought, some few I have transposed."
In fine low tenor voice he sang, Clarinda caught the chorus,
If I were now to give the words I'm sure they will not bore us.

When men in citiee sweat and swear.
Heigh-ho ! sweat and ewear.
I wander hy the shady etream,
On mossy hanks do lie and dream.
In all the world there is nowhere,
Heigh–ho ! is no where

A happiness that's so complete,
With every joy is so replete,
As life down in the country.

At early morn up with the lark,
Heigh-ho ! with the lark
For Chloris early milks the cows,
Chloris, shy and blushing, vows
My love is but a country spark,
Heigh-ho ! country spark.
There is no joy that's so refined,
There is no joy of any kind,
Like sparking in the country.

To all my city friends I say :
" Heigh-ho ! friends I say,
" When you've gained fortune on the street,
Seek out some sylvan, snug retreat
Where summer birds sing roundelay,
Heigh-ho ! roundelay,
A Milkmaid's love will soothe your heart,
All haunting cares will quick depart,
Down in the country.

Clarinda clapped her little hands and shouted in great glee :
" Dear Prince, divine such life, I would a milkmaid be.
What genius to describe such scenes in words that glow like gold.
Does making love in early morn prevent one's taking cold ?
I blush to own love's warmth I find diminishes with age,
Not yours, my Prince, for pretty girls now I'll engage.
But to return to our mutton, how country that expression,
Do take me in your confidence and make a frank confession,
How can you write so fluently of joys you've not yet tasted,
If what you say is true how many years you've wasted."
The Prince bowed low, and thus replied: " My dear Clarinda,
My heart with love's so often burnt its nothing but a cinder.

I only write as poets write and with a poet's license,
I've never seen a milkmaid yet, as for the other nonsense
It's quite the proper thing to say when writing rural verses
For sentimental girls, milkmaids and silly nurses.
Yet Nature has, so I am told, so many moods and tenses,
That country life at Nature's feet quite captivates the senses.
I'm rather soft on Nature, all first class poets are,
But living in Quebec I've worshipped her afar.
Now all is changed, from hence we live in sweet communion,
Communion, dear Clarinda, is the most chaste kind of union.
My fancy, though poetic, the impractical I deplore,
I'll make things grow upon my farm that never grew before.
There is nothing a Quebec man can't do if he but wills,
That is, provided he's prepared to foot the many hills.
I yearn with deepest longing to teach the country bumpkins
The fortunes to be quickly made by growing mammoth pumpkins
But Lord ! I'll show them many things to fill them with surprise,
What they now lack, I will supply, and that is enterprise.
But there I've talked too much, it's time we said adieu,
A farmer's life's a busy one, I've very much to do.
When summer days are all aglow, and eve comes late but cheery
You'll come to me another Eve, and we'll be never weary.
Really Clarinda, not so bad that for an impromptu couplet
Considering for the moment I feel so very upset.".

PRINCE DOLLAR

PART II

Now when Princes shift their residence from city to a farm
It's very like the case of bees when they begin to swarm,
Much buzzing 'round and 'round before they finally settle.
Prince Dollar, I am proud to say, was made of sterner metal;
"Simplicity's immense," said he, "in vain ere this I've sought it,
Nature unadorned is what I want and I have bought it."
Reader think no harm of him far stating naked fact,
Princes despise to clothe the truth in words not quite exact.
Prince Dollar meant quite all he said about extreme simplicity,
But the *entourage* of greatness still practices duplicity.
The members of the Prince's staff all hated country fare.
It's true they thought they might derive some benefit from the air.
But to sleep on corn-shuck beds, to eat on cold hare hoards,
Use three-time forks and pewter spoons they all so much abhorred,
For napkins, in country fashion, wipe dainty mouth on sleeve.
Really it was impossible, and here to say, I grieve,
They put their heads together—conspiracy was brewing,
No time elapsed before the thing was hissing and a-stewing.
The Prince was so absorbed these days in plans for draining bogs,
And studying agriculture from old seed catalogues,
That he remained quite ignorant of what was going on,
His only wish as of't expressed was to get out of town.
"There was no time to lose," he said, "the season was advanced,
The value of an early crop was very much enhanced"

By seeding ere the snow was fully off the ground."
This seemed to him a doctrine entirely safe and sound.
The members of his household said, with him they quite
agreed,
Yet all the time they snickered and paid no further heed.
Their little plot was hatched and working in good order,
(Plots thicken and develop fast once plotters cross the border.)
This one, I rejoice to state, had no more serious aim
Than to defeat without delay the Prince's little game.
No Syharites were they, nor bred to country fashion,
They simply had for luxury the very natural passion
Peculiar to Quebec and quite to the manor born.
Quebec, I might add here without blowing any horn,
Is very up-to-date and has circles quite exclusive
Where art and culture are discussed in manner most conclusive.
Eastward the Star of Empire's moved, tho West is growing
musty,
Much too old fashioned in its ways, in art and culture rusty.
But this is by digression. Let me see, Oh! I was saying,
The members of the Prince's house spent little time in praying.
"Hustle 'Round," that glorious well known motto of the West,
Each member well exemplified, they gave themselves no rest.
For days mysterious cases mere landed at a dépot
Marked plainly: "White Pines." The clerks all muttered:
"You don't say so!"
But their surprised expression was full echoed by the Prince,
His staff had furnished country house in style that made him
wince.
Such luxury in farmer's house was never seen before,
It came to the Prince a rumor hut still it grieved him sore.

PRINCE DOLLAR

PART III

At last the great day came, Prince Dollar seized his grip,
And hurried off to catch the train, but gave his friends the slip.
Leaving-taking, tears, hand-shaking, and loud-voiced lamentation,
Upset his nerves and left him in a miserable fermentation.
Alas! the best laid schemes of mice and men sometimes miscarry.
For gathered on the platform was all the world—by Harry!
Waiting with grave expectancy, and Jones it was who led,
"Dam'me!" said he, "there is no time for talk, we'll sing a song instead."
A hundred voices rose, bells and whistles made refrain.
The Prince was moved. He bowed and smiled, and smiled and bowed again.
The author of the song, a most talented young lady,
Sang and wept all her herself in corner somewhat shady;
But modest worth in pastorals has always foremost place,
The touching song is given here—the author I embrace.

Dear Prince, adieu!
We bid thee fond farewell.
Would that our tongues could tell
Our love for thee.

Dear Prince, to thee,
Would it were good morrow.
Then would our deep sorrow
Most quickly flee.

Dear Prince—Good by,
Forgive the falling tear.
No words our hearts can cheer,
So do not try.

"All aboard," was now shouted. The Prince exclaimed: "God bless us!"
And handed each his many friends a very fine prospectus
Of the "Pumpkin Light Company of White Pines Limited,"
(A very fine investment for those with cash unlimited.)
Then he jumped aboard the train and stood upon the platform,
His emotion was so great that it shook his rather fat form.
May" Angels guard you 'round," said he, then bolted in the car.
The train rushed off, ere very long the city was afar.
Before the brakesman called: "Next station all out good folks,"
(This timely warning is of help to people who are slow pokes.)
The Prince had so employed his time with pencil and some paper.
That rules for governing his farm were ready for the wafer.
Prince Dollar, as my readers know, was something of a hard,
His rules were therefore done in verse, to put upon a card.
How well he understood, wise man, that simple rules in rhyme
Were very much more quickly learned that if in prose sublime.

Be it known:—The following regulations for my farm
If they don't work much good, they'll surely work no harm.

When rosy morn o'er yonder hill comes slowly stealing
I'll sound *reveille* through house on organ loudly pealing.
Up! up! all hands, and hustle down! we'll greet the rising sun,
Then hustle 'round, and 'round again, there's work that must be done.

Ladies, in milkmaids' dress, will muster for inspection
Later in the milking field will hold a short reception.

Gentlemen will wear jean suits and pay the maids attention,
But never must they violate society's convention.

At prompt six a frugal meal will be by all partaken,
As cheerfulness begets good health let us the welkin' waken.

The ladies will at Seven A.M. group gracefully on rugs.
At Eight the gentlemen go out to pick potato bugs.
At Ten we'll wipe the sweat of honest labor from our brows,
Then to the ladies once again will we renew our vows.

At Twelve, M. precise all hands will gather for the luncheon
Soup, pork and beans, brown bread, with beer drawn from a
puncheon.

The afternoon we'll dedicate to sleep or to light reading,
Ladies may, if so they will, list to their lovers' pleading.

When low the fiery summer sun declines in Golden West
The gentlemen and ladies will again be up and drest.
Swallow-tails and low-neck gowns I claim are quite de *rigueur*,
Even in the country one must set the proper figure.

At Seven P.M. keen appetites await the coming feast.
Dining, good friends, of all our joys, is by no means the least.
Contentment lurks therein, starved stomachs have no pretty wit,
And poorly filled, I'm convinced, have not a bit.

When evening pleasures dulling, comes sleepy, stilly night,
I'll read a chapter from my book on Agricultural Blight.
It's most exceeding clever, and must make a great sensation,
It deals with novels theories that will prove an education.

At Ten, candles will be handed to those not yet asleep,
Then to your chamber, lights out—and into bed you creep.

The reader will agree with me the Prince was born to rule,
Such wisdom as is here displayed is never learned at school.
His case bears out the idea of a well known German King,
Divinity in rulers is the only proper thing.
Prince Dollar came of kingly race, not that he ever said so,
It was a fate he couldn't help, it was simply he was made so.

As Princes travelling incog. court no demonstration
No one came down to meet the Prince at White Pines' Station.
" Wagon, Mister ? " shouted the small boy from under a big hat.
" Well yes, I guess I will," said Prince. " How much to where I'm at ? "
" Come down from dat," exclaimed the small boy, " You'll pay me fifty cents,
I'm up to all them catches of you smart city gents.
Say, you're hooked for White Pines, your grip shows up your hand.
Gee—the chap what owns that place must be loaded up with sand.
Pop says : "Damn boys ! that kind of farming is all very nice
Provided what the feller is prepared to go the Price."
Punkins at ten dollars don't set well on Pop's stummick.
It's dandy though up there—everything bang-up and slick.
Gosh ! Mister, is there n show for a feller down Quebec
To make his pile—just a reasonable fairish peck ?
There, Mister, see where them flags and petticoats is flyin',
That's the shack, and here's the farm Prince Dollar's been a buyin.'
You'll walk across the fields from here ! Well I'll jes' say, so-long.
If I charge you a dollar you cannot call it far wrong "
Although Prince Dollar carried grip he seemed to walk on air,
The smells he smelt, the scenes he saw, were all so fresh and fair,
His tender heart quite overflowed in grateful satisfaction,
He whistled some old boyhood tune, then wondered at his action,
Made several hops-skips-and-jumps, and had a hack presented
A game of leap-frog, I am sure, could not have been prevented.

When he stepped on the verandah the sight that met his eyes
Left him speechless for a moment in a dazed sort of surprise.
There grouped upon the lawn, like chorus in spectacular,
In costumes quite correct to most minute particular,
The gentlemen in shirt sleeves, carrying mugs and wooden flails,
The ladies in their milkmaids dress all holding milking pails.
The moment they caught sight of Prince they gave him three loud cheers,
The gentlemen dipped mugs in pails—then drank his health in beers.
Next came a song. It plainly shows a city woman's hands,
It came to me signed Clarinda—I give it, as it stands.

Prince Dollar's a farmer, a farmer bold,
And a right kind of farmer is he,
His spade is of silver, his plow is of gold,
And his crops are a marvel to see.

His "rye," he will tell you, is quite forty odd,
The cows yield milk punches and flip,
And dear little mushrooms grow out of the sod
To serve with his roaster—a "slip."

Mint juleps he grows by a cool shady stream,
Egg-nogs are laid fresh by his hens,
A nanny supplies him with plenty of cream,
The lambs eat green peas in their pens.

Apple sauce to his pork is fed for a relish,
To his mutton goes capers galore,
The turkeys eat cranberries out of a dish,
Punkin pies grow in fields by the score.

The strawberry shortcake in hot house is grown,
But his raspberry dumblings grow wild,
The gooseberry tarts are everywhere sown,
Apple pies 'neath the trees are oft piled.

His squash into lanterns are turned in the field,
The sight most grotesque in the night,
The sauer kraut from cabbage, a very fine yield,
But his turnips and lettuce have blight.

" Ladies and gentlemen," said the Prince, " this a proud day.
Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I think I may safely say,
This a proud day. I might say, the proudest day
Ladies and gentlemen, that I've ever known, so to say.
And, ladies and gentlemen, for this reception to-day
I feel most uncommon proud and happy that is to say."
This very eloquent reply so very well achieved
Was by the maids and threshers most graciously received.
Scarce had the Prince retired for rest and quiet seclusion
Than something in the house below caused very great confusion.
The Prince, at door, pajama clad, demanded what the row was.
Antonio coming up replied : " It's only jus' cos'
A telegram, Sah, has jus' arrived marked most important."
The Prince said : " Bring it up at once, this very instant."
Alas ! Conceive dear reader if you can his great dismay,
It was a beastly message that called him right away.
" Return to Quebec at once. Business the most urgent.
Panic r ' ' ely brewing—Finances in a ferment."
" Dama ! " said Prince Dollar, " My dream of life's most likely ended.
The summons, I suppose, must be at once attended.
Tony, pack up my things I take the first freight train."
The following day the Prince was at his desk again.

The narrative ends somewhat abruptly, but beyond this point the author has never succeeded in securing absolutely reliable information. There is a tradition that Prince Dollar did return to White Pines and that the world famed Dollar Pumpkin, so largely grown now, was first produced on the Prince's farm.

RHYMES AND JINGLES

A MOOD

The silsnce of the winter wood is sweet,
When times there are the mind and hearts' unrest
In solitude would seek no other hreast,
Though warm it beats responsive and discreet.
Within the cloisters of the wood's retreat,
Solemn and hushed, I am alone the guest,
Their holy calm to mind and heart so hlest
I feel a joy ecstatic and replete.
Homeward again do I my footsteps turn
And lo! the meads, before so coldly gray,
Are carpeted in richest golden fleece,
While all the village windows fiercely hurn
As slowly down the west the orh of day
Sinks into night, and all my world is peace.

THE ISLAND OF COVENHOVEN

Lovely art thou sweet islo of hlessed peace,
A dreamland far from ocean's wild uproar.
Soft mists and lapping tides float 'round they shore,
And world's unrest and hateful noises cease.
Here from life's burdens do we find release,
The solitude we crave for evermore,
Not that drear waste that human souls ahhor,
But life's unrippled calm, the golden fleece
Of age now done with youths long discontent.
How gently time in this beloved spot
Would crown our days, and gentle the descent
Into the vale af years, the world forgot,
With many tranquil joys the while between·
Our sun like that of day would set serene.

THE WARRING NATIONS PRAY

Each prays God's wrath upon its hated foe,
God the omniscient and of mercy just
Shall be incarnate now in thirst and lust
Of blood and conquest and a people's woe,
In right of wisdom shall take sides, and so,
Lend strength of arm to crumble into dus
One nation's pride that other may up-thrust
Its own. and say : " To thee O God ! we owe
This signal downfall of a mighty host.
The blood of many thousands stains our hands,
We've devastated homes, let loose the flames,
And sunk great fleets of ships upon the coasts.
Gaunt famine stalks throughout the waste of lands.
We thank thee God ! " And all the world acclaims.

" WHITE OAKS "

I love the rugged old white oak
Deep rooted and firm of the soil,
Its umbrageous leaves the great cloak
That hides all the signs of its toil,
The battles and sieges and strife
The elements ceaselessly wage
To rob it of beauty and life,
It yet stands for strength of old age.

Its leaves are the grace of its soul
Fresh and green as in days of youth,
And though it draws near to the goal
It still speaks of beauty and truth,
For its knotted and gnarled old trunk
Is sound yet and true at the heart,
And its arms so twisted and shrunk
Still spread out in blessings apart.

I love the land of the white oak
And him who has built neath the shade
Of those staunch old trees that awoke
The love for the home he has made.
Dear " White Oaks " thy beauty and grace
A tribute from him to this love,
And the home that he loveth the race
Of white oaks will hover above."

THE THISTLE AND ITS FOE

Bowed by half a century he leans
Upon himself and gazes all around.
The caulking care of ages in his face,
And on his back a well worn coat.
What makes him dead to rupture and despair,
A man that smiles not at my hoary jokes,
Who with set teeth and fierce burning eyes
Tramps o'er the fields his hoe in hand,
The sweat of labor standing on his brow,
The light of labor burning in his brain.
What is this thing he seeks so far and wide.
That has dominion over all his lands,
Fur which he asks the stars and heavens
For power to grub from off the face of earth,
Yea, even in his sleep he cries aloud for strength
And wishes this foul thing in hell to its last gulf,
This menace to his peace and to the universe.

More tongued with censure and with profane words,
More filled with stings and hurtful to the flesh
Than any other thing in Nature wide domain.
What griefs it raises between him and his friends
Slaves of much idleness, what pray to him
Are Balzac or " The Awakening " of Chopin
The rifts of dawn, the tanning of his nose,

Through this dread thing the suffering ages look
To him, and hence his aching stoop.
O Masters ! lords ! and rulers in all lands
You'll havs to reckon with this man,
Who with his hoe-hoes on—forever on,
At every stroks a thistls slain
A cursed thing destroyed for e'er and e'er.
And down ths centuries to come his nams
Shall pass, the benefactor of his race.

AFTER THE RUBAIYAT

Friend ! Who ealleth thus must provs his right,
Steady his lamp shall burn liks beacon light.
Friendship is not liks lovo's consuming flame
Tha flaring high goes out in darkest night.

Since from life's flowing wine-cup thou do'th sip—
Not of the dregs hut from the very lip,
Lend of thy joy to me soms smallest part—
A thought, a word, or even gentlc quip.

When we give of our best—with others share—
Let it be wine, or love, or friendship rare,
Lifs yields its essence of supremest joy.
For as ws givs ws're sure to find elsewhsre.

What does life give within its narrow span,
Soms youth, some love—the rest we quickly scan,
Ths lamp hurns low, the wins has lost its taste,
The morning comes, and lo ! lies dead the man.

Happy then he who neither has nor wants
For Envy—Care seek not his humhls haunts.
Ambition—cruel master—knows him not,
And only fools revile him with their taunts.

No sooner life than death comes on the stage,
Not now O Death ! and fierce the fight we wage.
When later on our wine-cup emptied stands :
" O Death ! " we cry, " come claim thy heritage.

How strange a thing is life with its few years,
Then silence of the grave, forgotten tears.
Dust we become within a space of time,
While on forever roll the mighty spheres.

DOING NOTHING

" Papa," said a little maid in discontented voice,
" You never romp, or run, or play,
But sit and write, and write away.
Now I would do just *nothing* if I only had *my* choice."

I gave the little maid a kiss and granted her desire,
To curl up in my big arm-chair,
To play at doing nothing there ;
The joy of doing nothing, only blinking at my fire.

" Papa," sighed the little maid, somewhat later it is true,
" I'd like to see what you have writ,
Or perhaps you'd read a little bit ;
I'm tried of doing nothing, and there's nothig else to do."

Then I told the little maid, as she sat upon my knee,
How giants Idle-hands and Empty-mind
Were the miserablest of all mankind,
Because, forsooth, they suffered so from *ennui*.

TO SIR ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU [1]

Your health again old friend before we part.
Alas! no tie so fond hut time must ever,
Still would we linger here and joy forever
In that free converse warming heart to heart;
While you with skilful, ever ready art,
Yet holding always firmly to the lever,
Lend thought to pretty wit, hut malice never.
Thus speed you on the hours like howman's dart.
And we must say good-hy? Oh! hateful thought!
Would that it only were plain good-morrow
To make a drear farewell hut half a sorrow
Like as a cloud which hath a rainbow caught.
Adieu, dear friend! our grieving goes for naught,
Fate wills the hour, from hope we may not borrow.

CORPORAL TACKLE, LA[T] Y FROM KINGSTON MILITARY COLLEGE, T[O] MMY ATKINS

You makes me tired you Tommys wots always on the grumhle
About your work, about your drill, you 'ate them, and you mumhle,
The captain'e's too fussy and the serjeant 'e's too 'ard,
The leftenant's sometimes nasty, and 'e's not much of a card,
You damn's your luck, you curses fate, you dislikes the sitivation,
You don't see wot's the use of drills or pipe clay regalation.
You ain't 'alf fed, you ain't 'alf clothed, the canteen is a fraud,
The pay is poor for hlody work, there's nothing you can laud.
And it only goes to show you 'ave'nt any pride.
Your only Tommy Atkins, 'e never puts on side.

1.—Read at Dinner given hy the *Cercle des Dix* to Sir Adolphe Chapleau on the eve of his departure from Quebec.

Now the captain wot you think a fuss, the left, you say is fresh,
'Ave 'ad their bloomin' eye-teeth cut, they knows you in the flesh.
The college wot they comes from is a milingtary mill,
Wot grinds them'ard in sciences and keeps them to their drill.
They've done all your nasty work, and much you'll never do
Before they comes to learn you to be soldiers good and true.
And I'm the boy wot knows it, I've lately come from there,
I was purfessor of the goose-step, and 'ow to cut the air.
And it only goes to show they've lots of pride.
Your only Tommy Atkins, 'e never puts on side.

For three long years they works and slaves and drills like little men,
They keep their kits, and blacks their boots, and studies until ten.
At peep o' day they're up and out, with classes every hour
In everythin wot goes to make a soldier a right bower.
The pipe clay regalations wot you' ate they learns to know is right,
That discipline is wot you wants before you're fit to fight.
Then they leads you into battle, and your country says with pride,
" There's none like Tommy Atkins tho' 'e never puts on side."
And it only goes to show if you 'ave a little pride
Though you're only Tommy Atkins you may yet put on side.

AN ANGLER'S LAMENT

DEDICATED TO I. EMERSON PALMER, ESQ.

Dam' me ! that I should other fish to fry
When *trout* like magnet, draw me to the North,
And in my dreams I'm ever casting fly
On limpid lake, tben waking I am wroth
To find that in some meshes I hut *flounder*
As helpless as a hird to a limed *perch*
Instead of having landed a four pounder.
For *sucker* from my fate I vainly search,

My friends all *carp* and say I *cod* them,
Yet, do they drink my *bass*, and in my *herring*
Laugh at my *pickerel* and my beer condemn.
If I *haddock-ed* 'em then, without fearing
My *ale-wife's* wrath, I'd had 'em on a *pike*,
A grinning crowd of *sardines* small *minnow*.
But my wife *s'had smelt* a mouse, and like
Mother, who'd rather see her *sun-fish* now,
Has on *porpoise* brought me to this sorry pass.
But I'll get square, I'll yet *whale* all creation
When once I'm free, for I'm bound to amass
Gold fish, and fame ; egad ! I'm for sensation.
Not even shall a *weak-fish* pass me then,
And many a *blue-fish* will lament its mate.
I must show myself a man among men
That I was born to fisherman's estate.

VANDALS SPARE THAT WALL

(*After "Woodman Spare That Tree."*)

Vandals spare that wall !
Touch not a single stone !
We would not see it fall.
It must be let alone !
We've guarded it before
From foes of other lands,
We'll fight for it once more
To stay the traitor's hands.

That old familiar wall,
Whose glory and renown
Is known to one and all,
And you will tear it down ?
Vandals, forbear your threat ;
Leave that old wall to time,
The world would not forget,
Were you to do this crime.

When we were idle boys
At soldiers there we played,
We do not yet forget those joys,
The friendships there we made.
Forgive this foolish tear,
We cannot bear to think,
That ever day drew near
To roh us of this link.

Fond memories round it cling ;
It hinds us to the past.
Would you our heartstrings wring,
And tear it down at last ?
Old wall, the storms still hrave !
Vandals, leave this spot :
While we've a hand to save,
Your acts shall harm it not.

CANADA'S SONS ARE THY SONS. (1)

Art thou among my children ?
Then hearken to my call.
Thy hrothers wait upon thee,
Now hasten lest they fall.

The bond of Empire hinds thee,
The ties of blood are thick.
Answer before thine own sons,
But let thy aid be quick.

1.—Written when the call came to Canada for aid in the Boer war.

Mother of mighty Empire
Thou callest not in vain.
We of thy womb have hearkened,
And we respond again.

Canada's sons are thy sons,
Loyal are they to each.
Witness O God ! of battles
The lesson this will teach.

A unit when foe threatens,
Resistless in our might.
The call to arms we answer,
Shoulder to shoulder fight.

The hond that binds us ever,
The flag that flies on high,
We glory in as Britons ;
For it we'll fight and die.

Send to our brothers greeting,
Bid them be of good heart.
Brothers to brothers hasten,
Only in death to part.

THE TRUTHFUL ANGLER.

" Why is it that," you sadly ask,
" The truthful angler finds his task
Of yarning true,
A dreary, thankless one at best,
For he is classed among the rest
A liar, too ? "

The reason why I cannot tell ;
No one relates a yarn so well
As you and me,
And yet, forsooth, it is our luck,
Although to truth we've always stuck,
To douhted be.

Suppose from hence we change our base,
From telling truth the truth wo'll chase
With telling lie ;
The wiggling trout a monster fish,
Served up for ten, a mighty dish,
In a fish pie.

The world will doubt or even jeer,
But to our stories wo'll adhere
Through thick and thin ;
The oft repeated tales, we know,
To truths in minds of anglers grow,
So lets begin.

See what the " Hermit Poet " of Cap Rouge says :

" Ask and you shall receive," says Cook,
" If you'll hut memorize my book.
It's simple French for simple things,
Bread and hutter to diamond rings."
It's awf'lly simple is Cook's French,
It gives to English no side wrench ;
For nose well held in a firm clasp
Cook's French is well within one's grasp.
It's all so easy, if you'll hut think,
To pinch your nose when you want a drink.

" Garson," you say, " donnay mwha vair doe,"
Or if it's your hat, you say, " Shappo."
If the *garçon* should make reply
Pay no attention. The reason why ?
You won't understand, for Cook does not,
Give a thought, not he, to a Frenchy's rot.
With him to ask is to receive,
Any back talk would make him grieve :
" Zho swee American, Garson, vwa-lar,
Vair doe, toot sweet, donnay mwah."
In gay Paree, Cook's book in hand,
Americans can beat the band.

MAPLE LEAVES [1]

The shades of darkness gathered fast,
And 'round the corners swept the blast,
As came the Knight mid snow and ice
With banneret and loved device.
Maple Leaves !

From happy home came this brave Knight,
From household fire both warm and bright,
Yet from his lip escaped no groan,
Upon his banner there still shone.
Maple Leaves !

His brow was set, his eye it flashed,
As at the festal door he dashed,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accent of that well known tongue.
Maple Leaves !

1.—Read at the dinner given to Sir Jas. M. Lemoine at the Garrison Club by his numerous admirers to celebrate his having receceived a knighthood at the Hands of Her Majesty for his literary services to Canada.

Welcome Sir James! was shouted loud,
Your presence here does us all proud.
A tear stood in his hazel eye,
But yet he answered with a sigh
Maple Leaves!

"We drink to your health," the Chairman said,
May tempest ne'er break o'er our head,
Your pen continue still to wield.
The Knight he answered: "It shall yield"
Maple Leaves!

They rung the praise of the city's past,
Knew that its glory would ever last
Enshrined within his books.
He whispered low, with ardent looks
Maple Leaves!

They spoke of all his deeds with pen
To make their Province known of men;
They loved him for his kindly way.
In deep low voice we heard him say
Maple Leaves!

"O stay," we cried, "the night with us!
To-morrow morning take the 'bus
The road at night is dark and drear."
His answer rang out loud and clear
Maple Leaves!

Beware the avalanche of fame
That sometimes dims the muses flame!
This was the company's good night.
His voice replied: "I'll keep in sight'
Maple Leaves!

" THE STAGING OF THE SHAKSPERE CLUB " (1)

With tragic mien, Shakspere tucked unfler arm, we entered in the stage,
" For all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players."
" Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone," Desdemona's now the rage.
" I dare do all that may become a man," so let us in our prayers
" Banish plump Jack, and hanish all the world " from out of sight.
" Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths," wo nake haste
" To leave this keen encounter with our wits," ere lonesome nigbt
Shall come " When graveyards yawn " ; ghosts are little to our taste.

Our stage manager now takes the lines, and mountng to his seat:
" A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! " he cried aloud.
" Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neigh," and oft repeat,
" For who would bear the whips and scorns of time " in any crowd.
Besides, " he must go that the devil drives," whips are also factors.
And now we are " flying between the cold moon and the earth "
" Ministers of grace defend us ! ". Our revels now are ended, the actors
Have said, " farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content," farewell to mirth.

1.—These lines were suggested upon witnessing the departure, by stage, of the ladies of the Shakspere Club from " Meadowbank." As the reader will note every line contains a Shaksperian quotation.

" But now I'm cabinned, cribbed, confined, bound in " to journey's end
I'll twig the others, "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer,"
" And seem a saint, when most I play the devil " ; or to lend
" A beggarly account of empty boxes," and act the duffer.
Turning to the others, " who sat like patience on a monument,"
In dramatic tones I said: " Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,"
" My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time." Calumny has sent
Her shafts, " the play's the thing," all else I simply hate.

" The jack," exclaimed Kathia, " belikes he thinks that Proteous hath forsook him."
" I will speak daggers to him, but use none," for we throw no stone.
" A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel," let us then book him.
" Mark thou, how plain a tale shall put you down," and truth alone,
" Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," " as makes the angels weep."
" Tis the mind that makes the body rich," no dress of stage will do ;
" A little fire is quickly trodden out," genius alone will keep ;
" The glass of fashion and the mould of form " are both to life untrue.
Then spake fair Rosalind ; " I have no other but a woman's reason",
" By telling truth, tell truth and shame the devil," for I verily trow
" The course of true love never did run smooth " in any season.
" But here upon this bank and shoal of time " let us all show
" Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge " ; among us jealousy must cease.

" We are such stuff as dreams are made of," men will have it thus,
And " life is hut a walking shadow " which may lengthen or decrease,
As " one fire hurns out anothcr's hurning " ; this stage is hut a 'hus.

The manager here stuck his head, in, and mimicing our manner :
Ladies how fare you all, though fair you be, have you tbe fare for me ?
" Put money in thy purse," " how use doth hreed a habit in a man," said Hannah.
" O, my prophetic soul ! my uncle ! " exclaimed Miss Z—, " I felt that it must be."
" Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety " I have some change,
Cried Dara. What pay ? said Blanche, " Base is the slave that pays."
" Even though he rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat." It it not strange
" They laugh that win " Is not that what our Shakspere says ?

Ladies " my poverty hut not my will consents " to ask for paltry pay.
Full well you know that " suffrance is the badge of all my tribe."
Yet, " he is well paid that is well satisfied," and if you will consent to play
Some scene from Merry Wives of Windsor you may call it a hribe.
" Ill hlows the wind that profits nohody," and I shall be well pleased.
So " screw your courage to the sticking point," take parts, and pray begin.
" A lion among ladies is a dreadful thing " hut only when he's teased.
Now, " give us a taste of your quality " while through the window I peep in.
" That he is mad' 'tis pity," yet, there's method in it as you see.

" O, how full of briars is this working day world " even for us
" When man plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven," and we
" Will plead like angels, trumpet tongued," to try to still the fuss.
" Screw your courage to the sticking point," let's pay what we are owing.
" What a falling off was there," though many of us had to borrow.
" The last of all the Romans fare-thee-well." " Stand not upon the order of your going,"
And now, " Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow."

COMES DREAR NOVEMBER

With cloud and chilling wind comes drear November,
And dull, dark hours with saddened memories strewn,
Sweet summer dead—how well do I remember
Her first warm kiss of love in days of June.
Then followed months of rapturous delight,
Low songs of joy that filled the verdant grove,
While myriad flowers lent fragrance to the night,
And love drank deep from out the wells of love.
Yet she, my own true love, is now no more.
And empty-armed I waken from my dreams,
I am as one upon some desert shore,
Who, thirsting, seeks in vain for cooling streams.

BOSTON PORK AND BEANS

The heathen in his blindness knows not New England's law,
That all her people must obey or else must they withdraw,
Though not upon the statute book this law is strict enforced,
d by those to the manner born is lovingly endorsed.
n Sunday morn, so says this law, let wordly labor cease,
And as a fit beginning for this day of calm and peace,
Let those of every station, no matter what their means
Indulge themselves most heartily in Boston pork and beans.

The heathen in bis blindness knows not New England's pride,
The thing by which sbe would be known to nations far and wide,
Which she sets abovs her culture, above her wealtb or mines,
And glories in exceeding as the one thing that refines,
But of culture mines and riches let other people sing,
Refinement, you poor beathen is a very different ing,
This she alone possesses (I've been behind the scenes,
And this thiog that's so refinining is her Boston pork and beans.

The heathen is his blindness worships idiols made of stone,
He loves the missionary as he cracks his marrow bone,
But of culture he learns nothing, for a missionary boiled,
Is not the most refining thing but a missionary spoiled,
He never will be civilized or brought into the fold
Until the Boston drummer, witb cleverness untold,
And by manners that insinuate, and sundry other means
Introducers her refinement in her Boston pork and beans.

AUTUMN

Autumn, with pigments rare,
From out of Nature's bounteous store to choose,
Witb magio brush to dare,
Tints wood and field in gorgeous sunset hues.

To ROBERT BLEAKIE, Esq.

I'm proppit up i' bed to write,
An' while I know its no polite
A pencil letter,
It's no my fault nor want of will,
It only is that I am ill
An' can't do better.

A pesky ailment's got me grippit,
While dirty druggs I fain must sippit
An' ither slop,
They say to bring the fever doun.
My belly tells me I maun droun
If they'll no stop.

I wnd'na say it oot an' oot
For Doc. an' wife may be aboot,
I dinna grumble,
I'm at the thocht just fairly grinnin'
To think how each now gets an innin'
To keep me bumble.

Weel, bumble pie from lovin' hands
Is no so bad as itber brands,
I'll tak my share,
And wish that no worse fate is mine.
I'd drink to wife and love in wine
If I might dare.

But all of this is Scotch preamble,
Now to my subjject I maun scramble
As best I may,
For mind and body weak an' ailin'
I fear on outer seas I'm sailin'
Somewhat astray.

I'm verra anxious, Sir, to learn,
For I've been filled wi' deep concern
An' dismay surely,
How now you fare, for I made note,
You made complaint when last you wrote
That you were poorly ?

It's fearsome quite to think young bloods
Who've breasted higb life's troubled floods
Like you and me,
Should at our time feel pains and aches,
My pencil in my hand fair shakes,
Sad sigbt to see.

But I'm no deid nor yet are you,
My promise made will yet come true
A joysome meetin'.
All pains and aches tben laid aside
We'll hae a crack, an' no a guide
To mark time fleetin'.

Losb, mon dear, I bear your voice,
Some rare Scotcb yarn no over choice
for budding maids,
But good strong stnff for men (not wives)
To point the moral of our lives,
We're still young blades.

So for tbe nonce we'll sweat in pain
An' bide our chance to gang again
Our ain old gait.
Some fights to fight, tears, sorrows, joys,
For life is made of strange alloys,
Sucb is man's fate.

Yet when I weigh life's strange compounds
The gold of good piles up in mounds
Full well I know.
And in this gold of good I find
Love, friends and truth that ever hind
Howe'er winds blow.

TO MARY

Dear tiny toddler, in thy baby way,
Prattling like the brook is soft droning day.
Rippled o'er with smiles when bright shines the sun,
" Cuddle down " thy song when long day is done.
Laughing rosy morn, waking from the night,
Not so fair as thou, my soul's sweet delight.
Happy as the hour, every joy is thine,
Tendrils of thy love all our hearts entwine.
Angels guard thee o'er, may thy years be peace,
Blessed thou of God, love will never cease.

TO BLANCHE

More dainty, for sweeter than what I enclose,
Is my dear little Blanche with a little pug nose,
With a quick little tongue and a real pretty wit
Who hits very hard, but who cares not a bit
If she only gets peppermints, candy and gum,
Then life is all sunshine though others look glum,
But I'll never look glum, but be happy alway
If she'll smile upon one in her sunshiny way
And be merry and cheery, she may babble and prattle
But when I steal kiss I hope she won't tattle
For a kiss for a sweetie, a kiss to one girlie
Is what *I* think *sweetest* to take late and early.
Now good-by little sweet-heart, think sometimes of me
When sucking these peppermints under a tree.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

God keep you in good health,
Increase your wordly wealth
For all good ends.
Give you warm heart to joy,
Love that may never cloy,
And true, tried friends.
If in this faith you stand,
Peace and content command
Upon this sphere.
Then shall your Xmas be
Filled with great jollity
And much good cheer.

O CHILDREN! DO COME TELL ME

Is this the merry Christmas
Of years and years gone by,
When good Saint Nick with Reindeers quick
Drove through the starry sky ?
O children! do come tell me,
Come tell me is it true,
That hearts yet fill and feel the thrill
That my heart used to do ?

Is this the merry Christmas
Of years and years long since,
When as a boy in boundless joy
Ne'er envied I a prince ?
O children! do come tell me,
Come tell me if you can,
Is Christmas, pray, the same sweet day
Since I became a man ?

Somehow the merry Christmas,
Of years and years remote,
Had not a care, now everywhere
I hear its sounding note.
O children ! do come help me,
Come help me for you must,
To seek once more the shining shore
Of youth with all ite trust.

You say this merry Christmas
You'll help me might and main,
And with my aid you're not afraid
But I'll feel young again.
O Children ! further tell me
Should I join in your game,
And play with toys and raise n noise,
Would Christmas be the same ?

Alas ! the merry Christmas,
Of youth and years afar,
Has passed me hy though I might try
To keep it as my star.
O Children, though you've taught me
That other joys are sweet,
For in your love that's from above
My Christmas is replete.

IN LOWLY STABLE BORN.

Holy of night, Christ to us was given,
Saviour of man in lowly stahle born,
With tender love our sins are now all shriven,
To gain us this Christ suffered cross and thorn.

CHRISTMAS MORN

Up in the sky moon's babies all are blinking,
Wee, tiny stars so sleepy in gray dawn,
Through silent hours by might of steady winking,
They've kept the watch, but now they nod and yawn.

Two merry men through Northland madly racing,
Ere coming morn shall catch them unaware,
On window-pane Jack Frost has left strange tracing,
And Santa Claus leaves presents everywhere.

Adown the East a red-face sun comes peeping,
Moon's candles now snuffed out in great affright,
The baby stars tucked up in bed are sleeping,
And elfin sunbeams flood the world in light.

Through wintry air is borne the joyous pealing
Of village bells, ring they in wildest way,
Across my room come little children stealing
To claim first kiss on Merry Christmas day.

A DAY IN LATE AUTUMN

Sweet day of sunshine through a drowsy haze
That floods the vales in misty, golden light ;
Yon mountains scarlet clad to very height,
Now tender in soft tones of smoky blaze.
Upon the uplands herds of cattle graze,
While flocks of cawing crows on fields alight,
As ploughman and his team pass out of sight,
And joy-drunk jay from wood laughs his amaze
No ripple stirs the placid, sluggish stream
Bosom adorned with richest fallen leaves.
The murmur of the pines is stilled to-day,
For Autumn, making effort all supreme
In her decline, a fate for which she grieves,
Rules Queen once more then goes her saddened way

DUFFERIN TERRACE AT MIDNIGHT

Above me looms the fortress, scarp and walls,
Dim, undefined in gloom of murky light.
No blare of gun or trumpet wakes the night,
In vain I hark to catch the sentry calls.
No camp fires glow at Montmorenci Falls,
No foe lurks now on yonder Levis Height.
The city sleeps at peace, no war's affright
Shadows its dreams or timid heart appals.
Yet hero in monuments of bronze and stone,
The sieges fierce, the many battles fought,
Heroic deeds, and hero's names, record.
The victor and the vanquished we enthrone.
Time's cycle has its subtle changes wrought!
Two races dwell together in accord.

FAIRVIEWS AISLES

In Fairviews aisles at close of summer day
A wanton breeze from the blushing rose stole kiss,
And sinking with a whispered—only this
For nothing sweeter hangs on trembling spray.

I saw and heard and plucked the blushing rose
And to dear Fairviews mistress quickly went
"Ah me!" she said, "how dear its touch, and scent.
Love makes it still the sweetest thing that grows."